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Antiquities of Mexico: comprising Fac-similes of Ancient Mexican Paintings and Hieroglyphics, preserved in the Royal Libraries of Paris, Berlin, and Dresden; in the Imperial Library of Vienna; in the Vatican Library; in the Borgia Museum at Rome; in the Library of the Institute at Bologna; and in the Bodleian Library at Oxford: together with the Monuments of New Spain, by M. Dupaix; with their respective Scales of Measurement and accompanying Descriptions. The whole illustrated by many valuable Inedited Manuscripts. By Augustine Aglio. 7 vols. imp. folio. London, 1830. Aglio; Whittaker & Co.

This work, in its magnificence, recalls to mind the patronage of crowned heads, and the splendour of the princely patrons of literature. It has no taint about it of author or bookseller—it comes in the astounding form of seven volumes imperial folio! and if, as we have heard, no copy be sold that is uncoloured, the cost of producing the whole will exceed fifty or perhaps sixty thousand pounds! This point, however, is not determined, and the publishing price will be, we believe, plain £120! coloured £175! There are two copies printed on vellum, which may be estimated at three thousand guineas!! The title-page well explains the subject; but as it does not often fall to our lot to report upon such works, and as but few of our readers are likely to see it, we shall be a little more particular.

The first three volumes consist of coloured drawings from the original Mexican hieroglyphical pictures.

In the first volume is a copy of the collection Mendoza, preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford [73 pages].—Copy of the Codex Telleriano-Remensis, preserved in the Royal Library at Paris [93 pages].—Fac-simile of an original Mexican Hieroglyphic Painting, from the collection of Botturini [23 pages].—Fac-simile of an original Mexican Painting, preserved in the collection of Sir Thomas Bodley, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford [40 pages].—Fac-simile of an original Mexican Painting, preserved in the Selden collection of MSS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford [20 pages].—Fac-simile of an original Mexican Hieroglyphic Painting, preserved amongst the Selden collection in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, a roll [12 pages].

The second volume contains—Copy of a Mexican MS. preserved in the Library of the Vatican [149 pages].—Fac-simile of an original Mexican Painting, given to the University of Oxford by Archbishop Laud, and preserved in the Bodleian Library [46 pages].—Fac-simile of an original Mexican Painting, preserved in the Library of the Institute at Bologna [24 pages].—Fac-simile of an original Mexican Painting, preserved in the Imperial Library at Vienna [66 pages].—Fac-similes of original Mexican Paintings deposited in the Royal Library at Berlin by the Baron de Humboldt, and of a Mexican bas-relief, preserved in the Royal Cabinet of Antiques [19 pages].

The third volume contains—Fac-simile of an original Mexican Painting, preserved in the

Borgia Museum, at the College of the Propaganda in Rome [76 pages].—Fac-simile of an original Mexican Painting, preserved in the Royal Library at Dresden [74 pages].—Fac-simile of an original Mexican Painting, in the possession of M. de Fejérváry, at Pest, in Hungary [44 pages].—Fac-simile of an original Mexican Painting, preserved in the Library of the Vatican [96 pages].

The fourth volume consists principally of Lithographic Chalk Drawings, and Copperplates, from the unpublished work of M. Dupaix, &c.—Monuments of New Spain, by M. Dupaix, from the original drawings executed by order of the King of Spain, in three parts.—Specimens of Mexican Sculpture, in the possession of M. Latour Allard, in Paris.—Specimens of Mexican Sculpture, preserved in the British Museum.—Plates copied from the Giro del Mondo of Gemelli Caneri; with an engraving of a Mexican Cycle, from a painting formerly in the possession of Botturini.—Specimen of Peruvian Quipus, with plates representing a carved Peruvian Box containing a collection of supposed quipus.

The fifth volume contains—The commentary of early French, Spanish, and Italian writers on the hieroglyphical paintings in the preceding volumes [170 pages].—The commentary by Dupaix, on the Monuments of New Spain, engraved in the fourth volume.—The sixth book of the inedited MS. of Sahagun's History of New Spain, treating of the rhetoric, philosophy, morals, and religion of the Mexicans.

The sixth volume is a translation of, with the commentaries by Lord Kingsborough on, the fifth volume.

The seventh volume contains the whole of the MS. of the History of New Spain by Sahagun, in the original Spanish, except the sixth book printed in the fifth volume.

We do not presume to offer an opinion on a work like this, which, if we were more competent than we affect to be, would require weeks to examine. It is the result of the labour of years. We may, however, be permitted to say, that it would have been more satisfactory, because the opinions would have been more connected, had Lord Kingsborough written a preliminary essay, rather than scattered his learning in isolated notes. It becomes, in consequence, exceedingly difficult to find the little silken thread that is to lead us through the labyrinth, or the one predominant truth which his Lordship means to inculcate; and we bring little knowledge ourselves to assist us in the inquiry. A few popular works have been, perhaps, the extent of the reading of most of us in connexion with this subject. Few subjects, indeed, are less understood than those which relate to the laws, the religion, the civil polity of the ancient Mexicans.

With the wild and fearful fanaticism of soldiers, directed by still more fanatical priests, the conquerors of New Spain were exceedingly anxious to efface all trace and record of the religion of the Mexicans—all monuments of their former glory—everything

that could recall the memory of their independence, because it tended to shake their own power, which rested on the degradation and abasement of the people; and was secured rather by the unsheathed sword, and the wrongs it inflicted, than any feelings of good-will and fellowship, of intellectual superiority, or blessings conferred.

When we remember, too, the jealous policy of Spain, as it related to these nations—the long and total exclusion of all other nations from commercial or other intercourse—it is not extraordinary that, of the monuments that remain in the country, few are known with anything like accurate detail to the informed mind of Europe; and the ignorant superstitions of the only courts in direct communication (the courts of Spain and Rome,) consigned such records as were officially transmitted to them to the seclusion of sealed chambers, there to rot and to perish. The great object was not even to inform themselves, but to prevent all others from being informed; and the most valuable historical memoirs—the result of the labours of curious and intelligent missionaries and others—were equally secured and deposited in the same obscurity. The presiding spirit that dictated this, was the blind civil policy of the courts; but perhaps religious bigotry was not without some influence. The religious hymns and songs referred to in the index to the curious and valuable work of Sahagun, have been torn out and destroyed, as recorded in the work itself, by order of the Inquisition.

These circumstances explain the extreme ignorance that prevails in Europe upon this interesting subject; and the greater obligations, therefore, we are under to Lord Kingsborough, for the zeal with which he has devoted himself to the elucidation of it, and the liberal patronage, by which he has enabled Mr. Aglio to devote so many years to the furtherance of the great object.

The brief notice we have given of the contents of the several volumes will well explain the nature of the work. The learned speculations of his Lordship in elucidation are scattered, as before stated, as a commentary on the text printed in the fifth. The great and leading opinion appears to be, that America was early peopled by various nations, and at different epochs; but that the Mexicans were the descendants of a colony of Jews that emigrated from Alexandria about the beginning of the Christian era; and his Lordship enforces this opinion by reference to the traditions, the history, the customs, the civil polity of the Mexicans, and their analogies with those of the Hebrews; but, not to weaken the argument by little isolated illustrations, we shall here quote his Lordship's opinion upon one great point—the probability of the emigration itself. The

length of the argument will show to the reader the style and reasoning of his Lordship, and is well suited to do justice to the work, and by its general interest to gratify the reader.

"M. de Humboldt has observed, that if we knew exactly in what part of the globe the ancient kingdoms of Tulan, Tlapallan, Hueltapallan, Amaquemecan, Aztlan, and Chicomoctoc were situated, we might be able to form an opinion of who the ancestors of the Mexicans were, and from what country they passed over to America. An attentive examination of the meaning of these proper names, and the mutual comparison of one with another, may at least assist us in forming some conjecture. But it must first be observed, that the opinion of Herrera, (who is the authority to which a kind of general submission is yielded on all questions relating to America,) viz., that that continent was only colonized from its western side, is improbable in the extreme; for, omitting physical reasons and other causes for supposing that the contrary would rather have been the case,—such as the great current of the sea, which runs from the African towards the American shores—the relative magnitude of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans—and the consequent nearer proximity of America to Europe—and the much greater naval enterprise which has in all ages distinguished Europeans and the Asiatics bordering on the coasts of the Mediterranean sea from other Asiatics; and likewise the curious fact mentioned by Sahagun, that the Mexicans recorded in numerous historical paintings an early colonization of America from the East; as also that Torquemada says, that when Quecalcoatl set out on his return to his former kingdom of Tlapallan, he proceeded to the province of Coacacoatl (which was situated on the Gulf of Mexico), and there embarked in a boat or raft formed out of serpents' skins (and such a boat seems to be represented in the forty-third page of the painting preserved in the Royal Library of Dresden).—Herrera cannot be considered a candid author, or one who declared all that he knew or believed respecting the ancient colonization of America; nor can it be expected that much weight should be attached to his theory,—that America was peopled from Asia by colonists passing over the Isthmus of California, and that the Mexicans came from thence, since modern geographical science contradicts the supposed facilities of such a passage. We shall, therefore, (divesting ourselves of all ancient prejudices, which Lord Bacon rightly considers the idols to which human reason readily bows, and to be most detrimental to the advance of knowledge,) proceed to the consideration of the meaning of the above-mentioned proper names, and, comparing them with each other, endeavour to discover whether they may not all have a common reference, and lead us to that portion of the old continent, to which ancient traditions and the mythological recollections of Peru and Mexico equally point. Tulan signifies the country of reeds, Tlapallan the red sea, Hueltapallan the old red sea, Amaquemecan the country of the veil of paper, Aztlan the country of the flamingo, and Chicomoctoc the seven caves.

"In the absence of all positive knowledge of facts, to employ conjecture is not only admissible, but becomes absolutely necessary, if research after truth is not altogether to be abandoned. We may, therefore, be permitted to express an opinion, for reasons which shall be alleged, that Egypt is the country to which all these proper names refer; and that the colony which arrived in early ages in America from the East, were Jews from Alexandria; in which emporium of the commerce of the world they had been established, from the period of its foundation by Alexander the Great, and enjoyed equal rights

of citizenship with the other citizens—possessed a contentious synagogue—and, probably, as a means of increasing their wealth, addicted themselves to those mercantile pursuits which caused its haven to be crowded with the ships of every country. The Scripture testifies, that in the reign of Solomon, the Jews embarked extensively in mercantile speculations; and the frequent mention which it makes of the gold of Ophir, and of silver, common in Jerusalem as the stones in the days of that king, might have induced their descendants, settled at Alexandria, to try whether they could not likewise discover the 'navigation to the isles.' That the Jews would not have allowed their ignorance of the art of navigation to remain long an obstacle to the gain which they might acquire from it, it is unnecessary to attempt to prove; and that in later ages there were good cosmographers amongst them, the testimony of Dr. Robertson is sufficient to show—who says, that when Columbus laid before John the Second, King of Portugal, the plan of his proposed discovery of the New World, 'The King listened to him in the most gracious manner, and referred the consideration of his plan to Diego Ortiz, Bishop of Ceuta, and two Jewish physicians, eminent cosmographers, whom he was accustomed to consult in matters of this kind. As in Genoa, ignorance had opposed and disappointed Columbus, in Lisbon he had to combat with prejudice, an enemy no less formidable. The persons, according to whose decision his scheme was to be adopted or rejected, had been the chief directors of the Portuguese navigations, and had advised to search for a passage to India, by steering a course directly opposite to that which Columbus recommended, as shorter and more certain. They could not, therefore, approve of his proposal, without submitting to the double mortification of condemning their own theory, and of acknowledging his superior sagacity. After teasing him with captious questions, and starting innumerable objections with a view of betraying him into such a particular explanation of his system as might draw from him a full discovery of its nature, they deferred passing a final judgment with respect to it. In the meantime, they conspired to rob him of the honour and advantages which he expected from the success of his scheme, advising the King to dispatch a vessel secretly, in order to attempt the proposed discovery, by following exactly the course which Columbus seemed to point out. John, forgetting on this occasion the sentiments becoming a monarch, meanly adopted this perfidious counsel. But the pilot chosen to execute Columbus's plan, had neither the genius nor the fortitude of its author—contrary winds arose—no sight of approaching land appeared—his courage failed—and he returned to Lisbon, execrating the project as equally extravagant and dangerous.'—*History of America*, b. ii.

"It is certainly singular that the proposal of Columbus should have been referred by the King of Portugal to a Bishop and to two Jews, and that he should have experienced from them the treatment described. If the Jews had had any suspicion that their countrymen had already established themselves in America, or that the great and unknown region which Benjamin of Tudela had described as under the dominion of the Jews, lay in the direction of the intended navigation, other objections besides those hinted at by Doctor Robertson might have actuated their conduct. The above passage has, however, been only cited to show that the Jews have not been in all ages ignorant of cosmography; and it is not impossible, amidst the uncertainty which prevails respecting by whom, where, and when the mariner's compass was invented, that they might have introduced it from the East, where it had been long known and used, to the knowledge of Europeans, who, as it might be expected,

would not have been at much pains to record the obligation. The reasons for supposing that the proper names of places above mentioned all refer to Egypt, are the following, which are chiefly derived from the local qualities of its soil. Tulan (the country of rushes) is a name which would well suit a country extending along the banks of a great river covered with flags; Tlapallan and Hueltapallan, (the country of the red sea, or of the old red sea,) would be an appellation equally applicable to Egypt; Amequemecan, (the kingdom of the veil of paper,) might refer to the reeds producing the papyrus, since the land of Egypt is said, in Scripture, to be hidden in her reeds, on account of their great abundance, and the lowness of the soil; Aztlan, (the country of the flamingo) is a name which recalls to our recollection the ibis, a bird of the flamingo species, which was very common in Egypt, and greatly revered by the Egyptians; Aztlan, likewise, is said to have been an island, and that part of Lower Egypt named the Delta, in which Alexandria is situated, is, in fact, an island formed by the arms of the Nile, and the pyramid, the memory of which the Mexicans preserved as existing in Aztlan, might have been nothing more than a tradition of Egyptian pyramids. Chicomoctoc (the country of the seven caves, or of the seven dragons' mouths, or of the seven gulfs.)—for oztoc may be interpreted a cave, a dragon's mouth, and a gulf,—might also have signified Lower Egypt; and the seven branches of the Nile, from which colonies, either at the same or different times embarking, might have proceeded to America. It deserves likewise to be observed, that Quecalcoatl and Totec are said, by the interpreter of the Vatican Codex, to have collected together the innocent people of Tulan, and such other persons as were inclined to follow them, and to have journeyed on till they arrived at a high mountain, which not being able to pass, they bored a hole through it, and so passed. This passage is represented in the fourteenth page of the MS. referred to, where a number of persons are painted creeping from between two mountains, vertically placed over each other, with the further peculiarity of being joined together at the summits, whilst their bases are separate and opposed to each other, which might indicate a passage between two mountains, the summits of which were contiguous, but the bases nevertheless separate,—such as are those on either side of the Straits of Gibraltar. Votan also is said, in the memoir inserted by Doctor Carera, in his short treatise on the population of America, to have visited the old continent, and to have gone by the road which his brethren the Culeras had bored, which would seem to refer to the former journey of Quecalcoatl to America. The curious expression likewise of Votan's having determined on quitting America to visit Europe, 'to travel until he arrived at the root of heaven, in order to discover his relations, the Culeras,' which follows shortly afterwards in the above-mentioned memoir, might possibly contain some allusion to Mount Atlas, which, situated in Libya, was sometimes personified under the figure of a man supporting the heavens on his shoulders, on account of its great height. The Mexicans had likewise a notion of high mountains reaching up to heaven, as the proper name Citaltepec (or the mountain of the stars) indicates. The houses of the thirteen Culeras, which Votan is said to have passed by, or to have left behind him on the journey, were, perhaps, the Madeira Islands, in which ancient Hebrew inscriptions are stated to have been found; although Spizelius denies the fact. That in very early ages the tide of Jewish migration flowed from east to west, may be inferred from the great numbers of Jews who settled in Spain, and from the monument mentioned by Procopius in the second book of his History of the Vandal War,

as having been discovered in the city of Tanager, which bore the following inscription in the Phœnician language:—'Nos sumus qui prædonem Jesum filium nave fugientes in tutum recepti sumus.' 'We are those who, flying in a ship from the robber Jesus the son, have arrived at a place of safety.' It is impossible to understand this inscription as referring to the Canaanites in the days of Joshua, although Procopius and Calmet both so explain it; since they interpret 'Jesum filium nave,' as 'Jesus or Joshua the son of Nun,' making nave or naue the Phœnician of the proper name Nun. Whoever the interpreter of the Phœnician inscription was, he might easily have been mistaken as to the meaning of the word nave, since it might either have been an original Phœnician name for a ship, which had become obsolete, or of which the translator was ignorant; or it might have been adopted into that language at some period or other from the Greek; or finally, it might have been a Latin word inserted in the Phœnician inscription—as the Jews of Constantinople at the present day introduce into their confession of faith in the Spanish language occasionally an Arabic word, which they write like the rest, in Hebrew letters. Since, likewise, it is allowed that the Greeks and Romans learned ship-building and the art of navigation from the Phœnicians and the Carthaginians, there is some reason for supposing that the Phœnician name for a ship would resemble the Greek term *navis*, and the Latin *navis*. The appellation of *Culebra* (or serpents) corresponding in signification with the Mexican name *Coatl* or *Cohuatl*, which *Yotan* bestows on his brethren of both continents, might also have been a term either applied by the Jews to themselves, or given to them by Christians, or of patronymic derivation. Since 'wise as a serpent' was a Hebrew proverb, the Jews might, in some critical posture of their affairs,—such as would have been the discovery by them of the West Indian Islands, or of the Continent of America, when the exercise of prudence and circumspection would have appeared very necessary to keep the secret from Christians,—have assumed this epithet as a kind of motto of caution, or having fled from the wrath of Christians and settled in the New World, they might, out of hatred to Christianity, have adopted a name which was first given to them by Christ, and which the early Christians, following his example, might likewise have applied to them as a term of reproach; indicating, by so doing, their intention of becoming, should it be ever in their power, that in deed to Christianity, which they before were only in name; and certainly in considering the nature of many of the Mexican and Peruvian religious rites, an intended profanation of Christian mysteries seems almost manifest. The last argument for supposing that serpents or snakes may have been an appellation by which the Hebrew race were occasionally distinguished, as the Macedonians were sometimes called *Μυρμιδόνες* (or ants), from *μυρμηξ*; and the Athenians or Ionic Greeks, *Αυτοχθόνες* or aborigines; and those of Dorian descent inhabiting a portion of the Peloponnese, *Σκάρροι*, or scow men, in allusion to their fabulous origin,—is, that Christ calls the Pharisees 'a generation of vipers;' whether from their wickedness, their prudence, or their lineage, is not absolutely certain, although probability inclines to the first and second reasons. If lineage or territorial occupation was insinuated in this address, it might be in consequence of the similarity of the proper names *Hevæi* and *Hebræi*, (the first of which, according to Calmet, signifies in the Phœnician language, snakes,) and from the Jews having possessed themselves by force of the land of the *Hivites*, or *Hevæi*. With respect to the latter name, the rabbis say that the reason the *Hivites* were so called, was because they were

accustomed to live in subterranean caves, like snakes, being the early inhabitants of the land of Canaan; something therefore corresponding in sense to the Greek phrase *αυτοχθων*, is admitted to be found in the proper name *Hevæi*. But conquest always gives the victors a right to assume the titles of the vanquished; and as Argos was called *Pelasgian* long after the real *Pelasgians* had ceased to exist; so if there was anything honorary as indicating great antiquity in the term *Hevæi*, the Jews from their long residence in the land of Canaan would have had a right to assume it.

"The strongest argument, however, and one which we perceive how unwilling the Spanish historians of the sixteenth century were to press to a conclusion, by which to prove that America was colonized from its European side, is the confession of Montezuma and his nobles, one and all, to Cortes, that their ancestors had come from the same part of the globe as the Spaniards, situated towards the rising sun:—'Y todos, en especial el dicho Mutezuma, me respondieron, que ya me habian dicho que ellos no eran naturales de esta tierra; y que habia muchos tiempos que sus predecesores habian venido á ella; y que bien creian que podrian estar errados en algo de aquello que tenian, por haber tanto tiempo que salieron de su naturaleza, y que yo como mas neuvamente venido, sabria mejor las cosas que debian tener y creer que no ellos.' Which Montezuma also acknowledges in the following passage of his speech to his subjects:—'Tambien creo que de vuestros antecesores tenais memoria, como nosotros no somos naturales de esta tierra; é que vinieron a ella de otra muy lejos, y los trajo un señor que en ella los dejó, cuyos vasallos todos eran; el qual bolvió dende á mucho tiempo, y halló que nuestros abuelos estaban ya poblados, y asentados en esta tierra, y casados con las mugeres de esta tierra, y tenian mucha multiplicacion de hijos, por manera que no quisieron volverse con el, ni menos lo quisieron recibir por señor de la tierra; y el se bolvió, y dejó dicho que tornaria, é embiaria con tal poder que lo pudiesse costreñir y atraer á su servicio, e bien sabeis que siempre lo hemos esperado, y segun las cosas que el capitan nos ha dicho de aquel rey y señor que el embió acá, y segun la parte de do él dice que viene, tengo por cierto, y assi lo debeis vosotros tener, que aqueste es el señor que esperamos.' These extracts are from the letters of Cortes to the Emperor Charles the Fifth; and the passages printed in italics (where Montezuma affirms that he and his subjects might have erred in matters of faith, from having been aliens for such a length of time from the country of their ancestors, and that they had intermarried with the women of the land,) seem more particularly worthy of attention."

We cannot take leave of the subject without returning our best thanks to his Lordship for the kind permission, and the facilities given, to examine the work.

Conversations of James Northcote, Esq., R.A. By William Hazlitt. Post 8vo. London, 1830. Colburn & Bentley.

WILLIAM HAZLITT, the editor of these "Conversations,"—at a period of life which scarcely exceeds what may be termed the middle age of man,—is suddenly gathered to his fathers; while the venerable Northcote, at the advanced age of eighty-two—firm in thought, and green in feeling—is at this very moment meditating and executing a life of his "fine old mouser," Titian! Such is the incomprehensible fate of those of the earth! The one was catching the soft and tremulous tones of wisdom and enthusiasm from aged lips, in all the confidence of life—and his own lips are on the instant hushed for ever!

The inspired old man misses his hale companion, and stares at death. Alas! it is but too uncertain which of the flock the phantom butcher takes!

William Hazlitt was, throughout his troubled, many-coloured life, a thinking, feeling, dreaming, disappointed man! He studied as a painter—and the deep awe which the works of Titian and other the mighty masters of the art struck into his mind, paralyzed his hopes, and he abandoned his profession in despair. The faces of Titian's portraits haunted him, and never passed from him; and when he spoke of them, it was as though he had discoursed with high spirits, and had bent his eyes on some strange supernatural light. The same sense of perfection in poets and philosophers prevented him from travelling their paths with courageous vigour. The things were done!—the lists were made up! He copied only the pictures he adored, because they would be as records in absence; and he wrote not from inspiration or the hope of high achievement, but for "hard money" and a painful subsistence. To this cause is to be attributed certain acerbities, hasty asperities, abrupt assertions, angry and bitter lamentations, which cloud nearly all his writings, and which in the interested and the thoughtless have raised up so much of spleen and animosity. Hazlitt was the son of an Unitarian dissenter—he was therefore bred up in the fields of controversy. His politics, too, were those of the dissenter; and the more he suffered the buffets and contumely of the world, the more steadfastly he clung to his political opinions, strengthening them with storms. Had Hazlitt started in life with the sunshine of fortune upon his forehead, he would have been not only that which he was—a most original and powerful writer—but he would have been one of the most successful ones: the heaven of worldly prosperity was only wanting to make the bread perfect.

Various have been the productions of William Hazlitt. He has reported parliamentary prose, and lectured on English poetry. He has written masterly critiques on the drama, in which it was his invariable aim to be vigorously just. He has written reviews in the periodical works, essays, characteristics, satire. His criticism is always acute and clean—his satire poignant and bitter. The pamphlet which he wrote on Gifford, though deeply provoked, was, however, rugged and personal almost to a crime. His mind was soured—he had the eternal misery of seeing his anonymous writings cherished and admired, and of experiencing party rancour and detraction the moment he ventured to father his mental offspring. Many of his essays, scattered about among the pages of Magazines, are incomparably beautiful—beautiful from the tender melancholy which hangs about them—tuning the sentences to a sad cadence, which the heart feels, trembling and thrilling, to its inmost core. When he writes of Titian—of the learned Poussin's solemn landscapes—of his venerable father, with his unpretending virtues—"of the drear melody of bedded reeds," in some old haunt—of the curlew wheeling and screaming around Winter-slow Hut, where he so often abode,—that reader must be cold indeed that does not rise from the perusal "a sadder and a wiser man."

Hazlitt was domestically unfortunate: he married hastily, and was unhappy at leisure. He parted from his wife—a warm-hearted, though eccentric woman—and entered into one of those convenient arrangements which are called Scotch marriages. Again he underwent a sort of Byronic separation. He had, we believe, formed a deep and unhappy attachment, even at an unboyish age, which occasioned nothing but heavy disappointment in his friends, and led to despair in himself. His passion was ever appalling, and under no control;—and he suffered for its unbridled vehemence and liberty.

But the grave has now closed upon William Hazlitt, and his errors, dangerous and troublesome chiefly to himself, ought to, and will die with him. His mind, however, must have its tardy triumphs; for the works which it has produced, Posterity, in its slow but sure course of justice, will collect and value. Alas! late—late comes the decree for the suitors in Fame's fatal Chancery!

The work before us might now with great propriety be entitled "Conversations of James Northcote and William Hazlitt," for the latter has quite his share in the good quality as well as quantity of talk, and death levels all distinctions. The discourses are on painting and poetry—painters and poets—novelists and philosophers—romance and philosophy;—and we have gone through them with nearly unmingled pleasure and profit. Those who would know Sir Joshua Reynolds, Godwin, and Opie, *behind the scenes*—those who would nourish a love for pictures, a devoted passion for divine art—those who would hear of the great past in intellect and beauty, must feed on these high conversations.—"My God!" as old Northcote in his half-breathless enthusiasm would exclaim,— "who would have thought the old man had so much blood in his veins!"

We had marked several passages from this interesting little book for extract, but we have ambled so long over our preamble, that we must be chary of present quotation, and get our readers for an ample acquaintance with the work, "to season their admiration for awhile," that is, to wait until our next number. We are pressed for room and have many other things before the House, or we would not think of merely broaching the subject and then moving for an adjournment. A few words have we hereafter to say about Hogarth and Fielding, to which we shall crave the ear of our venerable and sensible author. But we will "do our spicing gently," for there is nothing we so sincerely respect as a wise and cordial old age!

But to the few extracts we can at present afford room to give.—The following passage is so characteristic of Northcote, that we give it as a moral sketch of him, just as they prefix a portrait to the book.

"I remember once being at the Academy, when Sir Joshua wished to propose a monument to Dr. Johnson in St. Paul's, and West got up and said, that the King, he knew, was averse to anything of the kind, for he had been proposing a similar monument in Westminster Abbey for a man of the greatest genius and celebrity—one whose works were in all the cabinets of the curious throughout Europe—one whose name they would all hear with the greatest respect—and then it came out, after a long preamble, that he meant Woollett, who had engraved his Death of Wolfe. I was provoked, and I could not help exclaiming—'My God! what do you put him upon a footing with such a man as Dr. Johnson—one of the greatest philosophers and moralists that ever lived? We have thousands of engravers at any time!'—and there was such a burst of laughter at this—Dance, who was a grave gentlemanly man, laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks; and Farington used afterwards to say to me, 'Why don't you speak in the Academy, and begin with My God! as you do sometimes?'" p. 65—66.

The following is a proof of the eternal youth of the mind,—let the body grow old as it will. Fairy-reading in boyhood is, your true *Wellsand* for life's long winter; and the sooner it is laid in, the better.

"He was here interrupted by the entrance of the beautiful Mrs. G——, beautiful, even in years. She said she had brought him a book to look at. She could not stop, for she had a lady waiting for her below, but she would call in some morning and have a long chat. After she was

gone, I remarked how handsome she still was; and he said, 'I don't know why she is so kind as to come, except that I am the last link in the chain that connects her with all those she most esteemed when she was young, Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith—and remind her of the most delightful period of her life.' I said, not only so, but you remember what she was at twenty; and you thus bring back to her the triumphs of her youth—that pride of beauty which must be the more fondly cherished as it has no external vouchers, and lives chiefly in the bosom of its once lovely possessor. In her, however, the Graces had triumphed over time; she was one of *Ninon de l'Enclos*' people, of the list of the Immortals. I could almost fancy the shade of Goldsmith in the room, looking round with complacency. 'Yes,' said Northcote, 'that is what Sir Joshua used to mention as the severest test of beauty—it was not then *skin-deep* only. She had gone through all the stages, and had lent a grace to each. There are beauties that are old in a year. Take away the bloom and freshness of youth, and there is no trace of what they were. Their beauty is not grounded in first principles. Good temper is one of the great preservers of the features.' I observed, it was the same in the mind as in the body. There were persons of premature ability who soon ran to seed, and others who made no figure till they were advanced in life. I had known several who were very clever at seventeen or eighteen, but who had turned out nothing afterwards.

'That is what my father used to say, that at that time of life the effervescence and intoxication of youth did a great deal, but that we must wait till the gaiety and dance of the animal spirits had subsided to see what people really were. It is wonderful' (said Northcote, reverting to the former subject), 'what a charm there is in those early associations, in whatever recalls that first dawn and outset of life. *Jack-the-Giant-Killer* is the first book I ever read, and I cannot describe the pleasure it gives me even now. I cannot look into it without my eyes filling with tears. I do not know what it is (whether good or bad), but it is to me, from early impressions, the most heroic of performances. I remember once not having money to buy it, and I transcribed it all out with my own hand. This is what I was going to say about Homer. I cannot help thinking that one cause of the high admiration in which it is held is its being the first book that is put into the hands of young people at school: it is the first spell which opens to them the enchantments of the unreal world. Had I been bred a scholar, I dare say Homer would have been my *Jack-the-Giant-Killer*!—There is an innocence and simplicity in that early age which makes everything relating to it delightful." p. 94—96.

Is not this the aloe, green at a hundred!—but with this difference, that there is here a perpetual blossoming!

The intense feeling for Titian,—the passion breaks out in the following brief snatch of conversation.

"I returned to what N—lately said of his travels in Italy, and asked if there were fine Titians at Genoa or Naples. 'Oh, yes!' he said, 'heaps at the latter place. Titian had painted them for one of the Farnese family; and when the second son succeeded the eldest as King of Spain, the youngest, who was Prince of Parma, went to Naples, and took them with him. There is that fine one (which you have heard me speak of) of Paul III. and his two natural sons or nephews, as they were called. My God! what a look it has! The old man is sitting in his chair, and looking up to one of the sons, with his hands grasping the arm-chair, and his long spider fingers, and seems to say (as plain as words can speak), 'You wretch! what do you want now?'—while the young fellow is advancing with an humble hypocritical air. It is true

history, as Fuseli said, and indeed it turned out so; for the son (or nephew) was afterwards thrown out of the palace-windows by the mob, and torn to pieces by them." p. 130—1.

As we have in another part of our paper attempted a modest imitation of Mr. Young, we will give an anecdote of him which places his originality off the stage in a very clear light. Northcote's natural surprise at his unnatural surprise is extremely amusing:—

"Here Northcote stopped suddenly, to ask if there was not such a word as *rivulet* in the language? I said it was as much a word in the language as it was a thing in itself. He replied, it was not to be found in Johnson; the word was *riveret* there. I thought this must be in some of the new editions; Dr. Johnson would have knocked anybody down, who had used the word *riveret*. It put me in mind of a story of Y—— the actor, who being asked how he was, made answer that he had been indisposed for some days with a *feveret*. The same person, speaking of the impossibility of escaping from too great publicity, related an anecdote of his being once in a remote part of the Highlands, and seeing an old gentleman fishing, he went up to inquire some particulars as to the mode of catching the salmon at what are called, 'salmon-leaps.'—The old gentleman began his reply—'Why, Mr. Y——,' at which the actor started back in great surprise. 'Good God!' said Northcote, 'did he consider this as a matter of wonder, that, after shewing himself on a stage for a number of years, people should know his face? If an artist or an author were recognized in that manner, it might be a proof of celebrity, because it would shew that they had been sought for; but an actor is so much seen in public, that it is no wonder he is known by all the world.'" 141-142.

At page 201 we meet with a brace of very pleasant anecdotes—

"Northcote observed, that talking of this put him in mind of a droll speech that was made when the officers got up a play on board the vessel that went lately to find out the North-West passage:—one of the sailors, who was admiring the performance, and saying how clever it was, was interrupted by the boatswain, who exclaimed—'Clever! did you say? I call it *philosophy*, by G—d!' He asked, if he had ever mentioned to me that anecdote of Lord Mansfield, who, when an old woman was brought before him as a witch, and was charged among other improbable things, with walking through the air, attended coolly to the evidence, and then dismissed the complaint by saying, 'My opinion is that this good woman be suffered to return home, and whether she shall do this, walking on the ground or riding through the air, must be left entirely to her own pleasure, for there is nothing contrary to the laws of England in either!'"

With the following piquant little anecdote of himself, we must for the present tear ourselves from the delightful conversations of young Northcote, the elder. As a specimen of the pride of youthful genius we think the following *morcean* unequalled.

"At one time I knew Lord R. and Lord H. S——, who were intimate with the Prince, and recommended my pictures to him. Sir Joshua once asked me, 'What do you know of the Prince of Wales, that he so often speaks to me about you?' I remember I made him laugh by my answer, for I said, 'Oh! he knows nothing of me, nor I of him—it's only his *bragging*!'—'Well,' said he, 'that is spoken like a King!'" 103-104.

We shall assuredly return anon to one who can "discourse such excellent music."

Second Preliminary Dissertation to the Seventh Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. By Sir James Mackintosh.

THE present dissertation is the continuation of that which Dugald Stewart furnished to the Supplement to the former edition of the Encyclopædia. It consists of a sketch of the progress of ethical science, from the decline of scholastic ethics till the present time; and is enriched besides with incidental notices of the course of future intellectual philosophy during the same period.

The work before us is a fair specimen of Sir James Mackintosh's manner. The style is rich, and well adapted to the didactic tone, which the nature of his task renders it, perhaps, imperative on him to assume; while his exposition of the conflicting doctrines of various schools of morals, is marked by peculiarities similar to those which distinguish the political creed which he professes. Sir James has, for a long time, affected moderation in all his opinions, in philosophy and legislation; and no inconsiderable portion of the reputation which he enjoys, is to be ascribed to the seeming skill with which he steers between extremes in those matters which have most strongly divided speculative minds in every age. Truth, however, is to be grasped only by methods less mechanical than that which Sir James condescends to employ—the method, we mean, of invariably stopping short of those conclusions, in which discovery in the various departments of moral science have rested;—a method, we may add, which, though it may invest the person who pursues it with an air of superiority for a time to the great masters between whose opinions he is halting, is ill-fitted to secure permanency to his fame. Sir James Mackintosh is a man of varied attainments; he has meditated much on several departments of knowledge; his modes of thinking are philosophical, in their forms at least, and he is endowed with eloquence with which to blazon his opinions, or to excuse his want of them. Nature, however, has not qualified Sir James for adding much to the stock of knowledge; and after a close, and we trust, not illiberal review of his various productions, to us it appears matter of doubt whether he is really anxious to hail fresh discoveries in those regions of inquiry, to the survey of which he has devoted the greater number of his hours of speculation. That survey has been, upon the whole, but a barren one; and the barrenness certainly is not in the subject. Sir James, however, has graver faults than want of originality. Without going so far as to accuse him of absolute indifference to truth, we may state, that the only approach to enthusiasm into which he is ever betrayed, is when engaged in marshalling the ethical discoveries of the inquirers of a former age. Towards his contemporaries, some of whom are certainly not inferior in their respective departments to any whose triumphs he records, he displays, at times, feelings less amiable, though with a manner cautiously subdued. It is curious, indeed, to mark Sir James heaping faint praises on the most splendid offerings which later times have laid on the altar of truth, and then to turn to the unqualified eulogiums which he pronounces upon the labours of men of his own party—men eminent, no doubt, but eminent rather in virtue of the energy with which they have exercised common-place talents, than for any display of endowments fitting them to extend the bounds of human knowledge. In truth, Sir James's dependence on party, and his position in society, have somewhat marred his independence as a thinker. He is the philosopher of the drawing-room, and he would, no doubt, figure as a philosopher on 'Change: nay, he can even daily with the more flexible conclusions of philosophy in the pages of a review; but when the tug of war arrives, when it becomes

his business to discuss with thinkers the great questions that have divided the world of thought, he shows himself timid, creeping, and irresolute in adopting the conclusions of pure reason—clings to old opinions, and when unable to make good his positions against the encroachment of those results to which finer analyses in moral and legislative science have led, looks upon his qualified admission of truths, that are, by him at least, irrefragable, as an improvement upon the truths themselves—as equivalent to a golden mean in matters of abstract opinion. Sir James, we repeat, forms able and impartial estimates of the merits of those systems with which he became acquainted in his youth: to them he looks back with delight; and the truths which he recognizes in them he can acknowledge with reverence. At the present day, however, he is not very willing to learn; and it is with a feeling like jealousy that he marks the advance of opinions that have a tendency to disturb the security of his creed.

In politics, Sir James, as every one knows, has abandoned his early convictions. In his *Vindicie Gallicæ*—a treatise, the merit of which, by the way, has been ludicrously exaggerated—we discover a decided bias towards republicanism. The arguments which he adduced in support of his opinions at that period, were not, perhaps, unsusceptible of refutation—but they were quite as strong, at least, as any on which he has stumbled since his tenets in matters political assumed their present convenient character. Sir James, however, now hates republicanism, and the theories which lend it plausibility; and though his tactics do not permit the expression of feelings that might expose him to retaliations of an unpleasant kind, his dislike of Mr. Bentham's opinions appears to have, in so far as we can understand his reasonings on the subject, no other source than an unwillingness to aid or to witness the establishment of principles, which, in their triumph, cannot fail to condemn him for his desertion of them.

In metaphysical philosophy, again, Sir James was, twenty years ago, an authority of no inconsiderable weight. He had, in truth, read and meditated deeply on the works of the early apostles of the science; and the absence of any teacher of new truths gave a value, not their own, to his expositions of certain recondite propositions which the mass of mankind has constantly a tendency to forget. Dr. Brown's discoveries, however, have altered the aspect of metaphysical science, and shed new lights upon all those questions which may receive illustration from the elucidation of the laws of human thought—from the more clear distinction of those objects of inquiry to which the mind, in its speculation, is limited, and of the nature of those processes by which it is enabled to arrive at results similar in certainty to those which reward physical analyses—results which, despite the shallow sophisms of the Edinburgh Review, partake quite as much of the character of *discoveries* as those on which the fame of the most illustrious inquirers in chemistry or mechanics rests. Does Sir James Mackintosh hail with alacrity this dawn of a brighter day—this new modelling of his favourite science? No; he appears to think chiefly of the consequences to his own reputation—to feel that his occupation as a *reducteur* is gone; at all events he regards the brilliant and original speculations of Brown with far other eyes than he would have directed towards them had they emanated from the understanding of an inquirer of two hundred years ago—who might have ranked among the instructors of Sir James's youth, and been secure, in virtue of that circumstance, of the incense of his homage. This, at least, is certain, that while Sir James is forced to admit that he has not studied the larger work of Dr. Brown, and while it is very obvious that he knows

nothing of the principles which that great genius unfolded, he would detract from his reputation by innuendo, and by ambiguously laudatory description. A stranger to the metaphysical and ethical speculations that have gained renown for some of Sir James's contemporaries, might, in fact, be induced to suppose, from the terms employed in the latter portion of this dissertation, that the most remarkable cultivators of philosophy in recent times have been, Sir Samuel Romilly, Mr. Brougham, and, more than all, Sir James's own protégé, Mr. T. B. Macauley. That promising youth is boldly introduced to the reader as a "writer of consummate talent, who has failed in little but respect to his antagonists." Nothing so decisive is hazarded in regard to Bentham or Brown.

From what we have stated, we would not be understood to disparage Sir James's capacity; but we cannot, after tracing his career most carefully, avoid the conclusions that his reputation is most strikingly disproportioned to the products of his intellect;—that as a thinker he is deficient in originality—as a chronicler of the progress of ethical science, he is inclined to represent the advances which some of his contemporaries have stimulated, as deviations from the line of truth; and in so far as manner is concerned, that he is apt to invest some of his own common-places, with an air of pomp sufficient to deaden any propositions that are not rendered buoyant by novelty.

We may hereafter resume this subject.

Travels to the Seat of War in the East, through Russia and the Crimea, in 1829. By Captain James Edward Alexander. 2 vols. 8^{vo}. London, 1830. Colburn & Bentley.

AUTHORSHIP, like love and death, levels all accidental distinctions—it dissipates the self-sufficiency of the statesman, unnerves the iron sinews of the soldier, and causes even the fairest of the sex to doubt the omnipotence of her influence. Here we have a gallant Captain of Lancers deprecating the censure of a peaceful public, after having pursued 'the bubble reputation' from Ava to St. Petersburg. For ourselves, we beg leave to say, that any attempt at mollification was superfluous, contemplating, as we have ever done, with parental satisfaction, the dawning of literary ambition among his Majesty's officers, by land and sea. To the juniors, in an especial manner, are our fostering affections extended, and therefore we propose to speak of Captain Alexander's labours in a different tone from that which we would adopt were he a field-marshal, or even a brigadier-general,—although we were near waxing wroth at a parade of honorary symbols on the title-page, such as offended the sight in the calendar of advertised contributors to the Cabinet Cyclopædia.

The desire of professional improvement led our author to undertake a journey to the scene of war between Russia and Turkey in 1829. He left England in the month of May, and returned in March the following year. During the interval he visited Hamburg, Holstein, St. Petersburg, Moscow, the Crimea, the coast of the Euxine, Adrianople, Finland, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Hanover, Holland, the Netherlands, and the north of France. The work before us is exactly the sort of book that might be expected from movements so expeditious. Without being absolutely uninteresting, it throws no new light upon the writer's track; and, what perhaps is its least pardonable defect, it fails to afford the degree of military information that might have been anticipated under the circumstances in which it originated. We hear too much of the author and his adventures, and learn too little of the countries through which he urged his rapid way.

Lord Eldon declared last session, that, notwithstanding his veteran experience, he was unable to define the word "gentleman." The Russians appear to be in a similar predicament:

"The Russians do not understand what a mere gentleman means; and a person who refuses to state his rank or profession is looked on with suspicion. I heard a friend of mine cross-questioned at Cronstadt as to what he was:—

"I'm an English gentleman," he replied.

"What *chin* (rank) have you?" said the police officer.

"None."

"What is your profession?"

"I'm of no profession."

"How so?"

"Because I'm a private gentleman."

"But you must have had rank some time or other; and you must have been in some business?"

"I live on my property."

"But that won't do, Sir. In God's name what are you?"

"Well, then, I'm a magistrate of a county, and a deputy-lieutenant."

"Well, well, that will do;—why did you not say so at first?"

"A clever and facetious Scotch doctor, settled in St. Petersburg, was coming in from the country, and driving at a furious rate with four horses abreast through one of the barriers, the sentry as usual stopped him, and thinking by his style of driving that he was an officer of rank, with great civility and submission asked where he had come from, and what his rank was. He answered,

"I'm a tailor, sent for in a hurry to repair General Rousmoufsky's small-clothes."

"A tailor!" replied the sentry, turning up his nose with contempt; 'what the d—l did ye drive so fast for? Your betters only are allowed to go at such a pace. Be off with you!'

With the spirit of the following observations we entirely agree. The youthful mind can scarcely be better exercised than in the acquisition of European languages. At the same time, we would be far from interdicting the study of Greek and Roman learning: we would simply lessen the exclusiveness of its pretensions, and introduce it when the intellect was fitted to cope with the researches it involves:—

"In the Russian families in the capital, to which I was introduced, I was much pleased to observe the system pursued in the education of the children. Instead of burdening the youthful mind with the dead languages, and wasting five or six years in acquiring Latin and Greek, which in after life would be of no use to one out of a hundred, the greatest attention is paid (in the families of respectability) to give the children first a facility in writing their own language, then a knowledge of living tongues. In St. Petersburg, in addition to the Russ, English and French are commonly studied; in Moscow, German and French; and at Odessa, Italian takes the place of German. Many converse in five languages; but here it is to be understood that, commonly, those only who have been educated in the large cities possess this knowledge; for I have seen many regiments in which none of the officers knew any thing but Russ."

In the late struggles maintained by the Porte against its insurgent subjects and the Muscovites, frequent appeals were made to English sympathy on behalf of our Christian brethren. The Christianity of the Greek church is rather inconsistent with our notions of the purest form of faith:—

"The Russians are decidedly a very religious and charitable people. Among the lower orders, however, whose minds and ideas have not been enlarged by education, there is a great predominance of superstition. I was witness to a ludicrous instance of this shortly after

I was established on the banks of the Neva: the wooden cottage that we occupied, with its upper story and balcony, and neat garden in front, belonged to a Russian *moosick*, or peasant. The *iconick*, or small painting of the Virgin and Child, with its coating of silver, continued to occupy its place in the right-hand corner of the principal apartment: there happened to be a saint's day, and the *moosick* and his wife came and asked permission to say their prayers before the *penates*. I watched their proceedings: they first trimmed and lighted the lamp which hung by three silver chains from the ceiling, then cleaned the glass in front of the sacred painting, and prostrating themselves and bowing before it, they asked pardon for the lamp not having been lighted for some time. 'Strangers,' they said, 'occupy the house: we cannot therefore present ourselves daily before you, as we wish to do; but we hope you won't be offended with us, for our neglect is not intentional: now it is our great festival of St. Peter and St. Paul; we therefore intreat that you will look favourably on us, and be kind to us.' Thus they went on at great length, talking to the Madonna in the most artless manner."

The Russian Clergy.

"Travellers commonly represent the clergy in Russia as ignorant. I had not much intercourse with them, and am unable to give an opinion on the subject. Though, as I said before, the Russians are very religiously inclined, and the highest, as well as the lowest ranks, are regular in their attendance on divine worship; yet, strange to say, they neither pay much respect to the ministers of their religion *extra cathedram*, nor do they invite them to associate with them in their family circle: they even consider it very unlucky to meet a priest on the highway, though they kiss his hand and ask his blessing in church. If what I was told of the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg be true, he must be a very fastidious man indeed. Last summer there appeared a critique in one of the papers on the dancing at the opera. It was said in the paragraph, 'Madame so and so danced with a great deal of taste and neatness; but Mademoiselle did not perform so well as we expected she would have done; we therefore pray that Apollo may send her a better dancing-master.' This remark, my informant said, the Metropolitan took up, and went and complained to the Holy Synod, that it was highly improper in a Christian country to invoke the heathen deities, and requested that the editor of the paper should be censured and fined. Whether or not the members of the Holy Synod yielded to the entreaties of the Metropolitan, I know not; but I should imagine that they were wiser than he was represented to be."

Inebriating Soups.

"There cannot be a grand dinner in Russia without *sterlet* (small sturgeon). In summer, when brought alive from Archangel, &c., these cost from five hundred to one thousand rubles each: a fish soup, made with champagne and other expensive wines, has been known to cost three thousand rubles: no water is allowed to enter into the composition of these expensive soups; and I have seen the whole company get very merry and talkative after partaking of them, though the landlord always affirmed that there was only half a bottle of wine in the tureen."

The Pay of the Troops.

"The pay of a Russian foot-soldier is about six rubles (five shillings) per annum; but they have rations of black bread, salt, &c. Every Russian recruit, when brought to the headquarters of his regiment, is obliged to learn a trade; to one man they say, 'you must be a carpenter;' to another, 'you must be a shoe-

maker or a tailor;' and, as the Russian soldier is commonly a very industrious hard-working and saving fellow—he has always plenty of money to lay out on trifling luxuries—and he commonly drinks his year's pay. In our service the soldiers of three regiments, than which none are more distinguished, go about with their undress jackets open, and party-coloured waistcoats, because they are *artisans*: now every Russian soldier is an artisan; but none are allowed in undress to go with the jacket open, or to wear any forage-cap but the regulation one; they are therefore on all occasions soldier-like."

"The Russian Guards get a complete suit once a year; the Line once in two years. If a soldier loses a button, or any of the metal part of his appointments, he is obliged to replace it: he also furnishes for himself pipe-clay, blacking, and pumice-stone. The barrels of all the muskets are bright, and the stocks of many of them of yellow birch-wood. Once a year the soldier gets cloth for two shirts and white trousers, and plenty of leather to make boots with; but they are so economical, that by mending they make their old boots last a long time, and are therefore able to dispose of the leather in the shape of new boots."

"The pay of a *praporchick*, or ensign, is about five hundred rubles (20*l.*) per annum, out of which he finds his uniform, which costs about one hundred and fifty rubles. The pay of the *polkownik*, or colonel of a regiment, is twelve hundred rubles per annum, and three thousand for table allowance. Russian colonels are very kind to their young officers, and see them often at their houses; for there is never that promoter of *esprit de corps* in a regiment, a mess. A major-general has only about two thousand rubles (100*l.*) annually; that is, when he is not in the field. Officers are promoted by seniority, and for distinguished services."

The frozen north is far from unfriendly to the tastes of the sex:—"A merchant considers his wife as the best means by which he can make a display of his wealth. On holidays he sends her to ride in a coach, 'clothed in scarlet and fine linen.' Diamonds and shawls too adorn her person; of the latter Russians are extremely fond, and sometimes give the enormous sum of 600*l.* for one. In teas the Russians are also very extravagant—a common price for the *flower* of tea is fifty rubles per pound. The flower is found on the tops of the chests, and it is collected and sold separately. The English use it to flavour common teas with; but really all the tea I drank in Russia was delicious. It is brought overland from China, and always sold fresh; and not, as in this country, after it has lain for two or three years in warehouses. Most excellent unadulterated tea may be purchased in St. Petersburg for ten rubles a pound, far superior to the best I have elsewhere tasted. Russians drink tea out of tumblers at all hours, and in great quantities. Six glasses is one portion!"

The worthy inmates of the Dievitch Nunnery, near Moscow, outdo the servants of the Prophet in the strength of their faith:—"In the hospital of the nunnery there were several sick; and on our inquiring for the doctor, and asking what remedies were usually employed, they pointed to the image in a corner of the apartment, and said, 'That is our doctor: if it is God's will, the sick will recover; if not, what's to be done?—*stcho dielit?*' On being asked, 'If a person breaks a leg, what's to be done?' the reply was, 'If it is God's pleasure, it will become straight again!'"

The Shores of the Black Sea.

"The surface of the steppes near the Euxine is in many places like a vast cemetery; sepulchral tumuli are seen as far as the eye can reach on these verdant wastes, and, in digging into the alluvium, the vestiges of fires, and other indications are continually occurring, of an im-

mense population, which has long since passed away and is forgotten.

"Besides simple tumuli, or mounds of earth of different heights, covering calcined bones, there are others surmounted by sculptured figures of the rudest workmanship; most frequently they represent the naked female figure, of the natural size, the head-dress resembling a turban, a massive necklace descending below the breast, and the hands holding a sort of cup at the girdle. These weather-beaten images are set in the ground, sometimes in pairs, on the top of the tumulus, and being of coarse-grained sandstone, and exposed to the influence of the winter storms for centuries, it is impossible to ascertain by the lineaments of the countenance whether they are of Hunnish origin, or of the ancient Calmucks, or to what people they belong."

Punishment of Theft.

"I remember an officer, who died on shore from plague, had with him a hundred rubles in a bag; this his servant stole; but he, too, caught the infection, and followed his master; and after him seven men in succession, who purchased the hundred rubles from one another, all fell victims to the disease; and, as it was thought that some fatality attended the treasure, it was at last thrown into the sea!"

Captain Alexander's veneration for Crosses and Orders is shown in the scrupulous accuracy with which he invariably notes their appearance. In his description of the conqueror of the Balkan, the general does not occupy a more important place than his trappings:

"On mounting the staircase I was shown into a large hall, open on one side; in this about a dozen officers were promenading, dressed in their green surtouts and epaulets, and wearing their swords. Several came up and spoke to me, and examined my regimentals with great minuteness. In a few minutes a side-door opened, and a personage advanced towards us; on seeing whom all the officers fell back to attention, and saluted him with repeated bows. The object of their respect was a little man with an aquiline nose and florid complexion; his hair was dishevelled, and streamed from his head like a meteor. He also was dressed in a green double-breasted surcoat and trousers, and wore round his neck the cross of St. Andrew, and at his button-hole the black and yellow riband of St. George. Advancing towards me, bowing, he said he was happy to see me in camp. This was Diebitch Zabalkansky. . . .

"The Count talked a good deal about the Turkish artillery, and their superiority of practice by land over that by sea. He then turned to me, and asked regarding the Burman and Persian warfare; then touching the pay of officers in India, the amount of which was hardly credited; for a Russian colonel in command of a regiment receives about 150*l.* per annum, whereas many subalterns on the staff in the East receive between 600*l.* and 800*l.* The Count then said, that though the Russian military system was considered one of the most perfect in the world, yet that in one point the English was preferable, viz. a senior department at the Military College, of which officers of the cavalry, and of the line, could become students."

The obsequiousness to "the great man" by his satellites is good:—"At this entertainment, as at similar ones at which I had been present in Russia, there was hardly a word spoken, except by the chief. No man held social communion with his neighbour, but every eye was turned to the Count: his remarks were listened to with the greatest attention; and his jokes laughed at, as if by fable. I made several attempts to draw my neighbours into conversation, but it was unavailing; for it was contrary to etiquette to take off attention from the Field-marshal."

Qualifications of the Army.

"The evolutions are performed with precision, but not with that rapidity which now characterises English manoeuvres. The cavalry move slowly compared with the impetuosity of English dragoons; but the Russian horse-artillery in celerity are inferior to none. The common soldiers are patient under fatigue and privation, and, from their submission to their superiors, they without hesitation follow wherever they are led, and, unflinching, will stand exposed to the severest fire. Still, from the indifferent food on which they are accustomed to subsist, they are much inferior in physical strength to our men; and as to reckless gallantry, either displayed in storming a breach bristled with every engine of destruction, or cutting out from under an enemy's battery, our soldiers and sailors will ever bear the palm from all competitors."

In the selection of extracts we have been guided by the wish to treat the work with liberality; but we cannot conclude our remarks without recommending gentlemen who travel for the purpose of imparting information, to furnish the world with something more methodical and instructive than the transcript of the hasty journal of a few months' posting over half a continent.

EDINBURGH CABINET LIBRARY, No. I.—*Narrative of Discovery and Adventure in the Polar Seas and Regions, &c.* By Professor Leslie, Professor Jameson, and Hugh Murray, Esq. F.R.S.E. 1830. Edinburgh, Oliver & Boyd; London, Simpkin & Marshall.

[Second Notice.]

We return to this excellent addition to our cheap and pleasant literature, with real good will. It is one of those volumes you cannot handle or open without satisfaction. We have, however, on this occasion, only to quote from it, and, passing over Professor Leslie's valuable observations on climate, wherein he contends against the opinions that prevailed a few years ago, respecting the influence exerted by the accumulations of polar ice on the seasons in England—and passing over with regret the pleasant narratives of voyages to the Arctic Sea, we shall present our readers with the following abridged account of the whale-fishery, evidently derived from the information of experienced whalers, and particularly of Captain Scoresby:—

"The first object is to fit out a ship suited to the trade. While the fishery was carried on in bays, or on the exterior margin of icy fields, very slight fabrics were sufficient; but now that the vessels depart early in the season, and push into the very heart of the northern ices, they are liable every moment to the most severe shocks and concussions. The ship, therefore, must be constructed in such a manner as to possess a peculiar degree of strength. Its exposed parts are secured with double or even treble timbers; while it is fortified, as the expression is, externally with iron plates, and internally with stanchions and cross-bars, so disposed as to cause the pressure on any one part to bear upon and be supported by the whole fabric. Mr. Scoresby recommends the dimension of 350 tons as the most eligible. A ship of this size is sometimes filled; and the number of men required for its navigation, being also necessary for manning the boats employed in the fishery, could not be reduced even in a much smaller vessel. A larger tonnage than 350, being scarcely ever filled, involves the proprietor in useless extra expense. The Dutch are of opinion, that the vessels destined for this fishery should be 112 feet long, 29 broad, and 12 deep, carrying seven boats, and from forty to fifty seamen. One of the most essential particulars is the crew's nest, a species of sentry-

box made of canvas or light wood, pitched on the main-top-mast, or top-gallant-mast head. This is the post of honour, and also of severe cold, where the master often sits for hours in a temperature thirty or forty degrees below the freezing-point, and whence he can descry all the movements of the surrounding seas and ice, and give directions accordingly. He is provided with a telescope, a speaking-trumpet, and a rifle, with which he can sometimes strike a narwal, as it floats around the ship.

"The whaling vessels usually take their departure in such time as to leave the Shetland Isles about the beginning of April; and before the end of the month arrive within the Polar seas. It was long customary to spend a few weeks at what is called the Seal-fisher's Bight, extending along the coast of Greenland, ere they pushed into those more northern waters, where, amid fields and mountains of ice, the powerful and precious *myxictetus* is tossing; but in later times it has become usual to sail at once into that centre of danger and enterprise.

"As soon as they have arrived in those seas which are the haunt of the whale, the crew must be every moment on the alert, keeping watch day and night. The seven boats are kept hanging by the sides of the ship, ready to be launched in a few minutes; and, where the state of the sea admits, one of them is usually manned and afloat. These boats are from 25 to 28 feet long, about 5½ feet broad, and constructed with a special view to lightness, buoyancy, and easy steerage. The captain or some principal officer, seated in the crow's nest, surveys the waters to a great distance, and the instant he sees the back of the huge animal, which they seek to attack, emerging from the waves, gives notice to the watch who are stationed on deck; part of whom leap into a boat, which is instantly lowered down, and followed by a second if the fish be a large one. Each of the boats has a harpooner, and one or two subordinate officers, and is provided with an immense quantity of rope coiled together and stowed in different quarters of it, the several parts being spliced together, so as to form a continued line, usually exceeding four thousand feet in length. To the end is attached the harpoon, an instrument formed, not to pierce and kill the animal, but, by entering and remaining fixed in the body, to prevent its escape. One of the boats is now rowed towards the whale in the deepest silence, cautiously avoiding to give an alarm, of which he is very susceptible. Sometimes a circuitous route is adopted in order to attack him from behind. Having approached as near as is consistent with safety, the harpooner darts his instrument into the back of the monster. This is a critical moment; for when this mighty animal feels himself struck, he often throws himself into violent convulsive movements, vibrating in the air his tremendous tail, one lash of which is sufficient to dash a boat in pieces. More commonly, however, he plunges with rapid flight into the depths of the sea, or beneath the thickest fields and mountains of ice. While he is thus moving at the rate usually of eight or ten miles an hour, the utmost diligence must be used that the line to which the harpoon is attached may run off smoothly and readily along with him. Should it be entangled for a moment, the strength of the whale is such, that he would draw the boat and crew after him under the waves. The first boat ought to be quickly followed up by a second, to supply more line when the first is run out, which often takes place in eight or ten minutes. When the crew of a boat see the line in danger of being all run off, they hold up one, two, or three oars, to intimate their pressing need of a supply. At the same time they turn the rope once or twice round a kind of post called the bollard, by which the motion of the line and the career of the animal are somewhat retarded. This, however,

is a delicate operation, which brings the side of the boat down to the very edge of the water, and if the rope is drawn at all too tight, may sink it altogether. While the line is whirling round the bollard, the friction is so violent, that the harpooner is enveloped in smoke, and water must be constantly poured on to prevent it from catching fire. When, after all, no aid arrives, and the crew find that the line must run out, they have only one resource,—they cut it, losing thereby not only the whale, but the harpoon and all the ropes of the boat.

"When the whale is first struck and plunges into the waves, the boat's crew elevate a flag as a signal to the watch on deck, who give the alarm to those asleep below, by stamping violently on the deck, and crying aloud—*A fall! a fall!*" (Dutch, *val*, expressing the precipitate haste with which the sailors throw themselves into the boats.) On this notice they do not allow themselves time to dress, but rush out in their sleeping-shirts or drawers into an atmosphere, the temperature of which is often below zero, carrying along with them their clothing in a bundle, and trusting to make their toilette in the interval of manning and pushing off the boats. Such is the tumult at this moment, that young mariners have been known to raise cries of fear, thinking the ship was going down.

"The period during which a wounded whale remains under water is various, but is averaged by Mr. Scoresby at about half an hour. Then, pressed by the necessity of respiration, he appears above, often considerably distant from the spot where he was harpooned, and in a state of great exhaustion, which the same ingenious writer ascribes to the severe pressure that he has endured when placed beneath a column of water 700 or 800 fathoms deep. All the boats have meantime been spreading themselves in various directions, that one at least may be within a start, as it is called, or about 200 yards of the point of his rising, at which distance they can easily reach and pierce him with one or two more harpoons before he again descends, as he usually does for a few minutes. On his re-appearance a general attack is made with lances, which are struck as deep as possible, to reach and penetrate the vital parts. Blood mixed with oil streams copiously from his wounds and from the blow-holes, dyeing the sea to a great distance, and sprinkling and sometimes drenching the boats and crews. The animal now becomes more and more exhausted; but, at the approach of his dissolution, he often makes a convulsive and energetic struggle, rearing his tail high in the air, and whirling it with a noise which is heard at the distance of several miles. At length, quite overpowered and exhausted, he lays himself on his side or back, and expires. The flag is then taken down, and three loud huzzas raised from the surrounding boats. No time is lost in piercing the tail with two holes, through which ropes are passed, which, being fastened to the boats, drag the fish to the vessel amid shouts of joy.

"The whale being thus caught and secured to the sides of the ship, the next operation is that of *fensing*, or extracting the blubber and whalebone. This, if the full strength of the ship be put upon it, may be executed in about four hours, though a much longer time is often employed. . . .

"Entanglement in the line, while the retreating whale is drawing it off with rapidity, is often productive of great disaster. A sailor belonging to the John of Greenock, in 1818, having happened to step into the centre of a coil of running rope, had a foot entirely carried off, and was obliged to have the lower part of the leg amputated. A harpooner, belonging to the Henrietta of Whitby, had incautiously cast some part of the line under his feet; when a sudden dart of

the fish made it twist round his body. He had just time to cry out,—*Clear away the line! O dear!* when he was cut almost asunder, dragged overboard, and never more seen.

"A whale sometimes causes danger by proving to be alive after having exhibited every symptom of death. Mr. Scoresby mentions the instance of one which appeared so decidedly dead, that he himself had leaped on the tail and was busy putting a rope through it, when he suddenly felt the animal sinking from beneath him. He made a spring towards a boat that was some yards distant, and, grasping the gunwale, was assisted on board. The fish then moved forward, reared his tail aloft, and shook it with such prodigious violence, that it resounded to the distance of several miles. After two or three minutes of this violent exertion, he rolled on his side and expired.

"Even after life is extinct, all danger is not over. In the operation of *fensing*, the harpooners sometimes fall into the whale's mouth, with the imminent danger of being drowned. In the case of a heavy swell they are drenched, and sometimes washed over by the surge. Occasionally they have their ropes broken, and are wounded by each other's knives. Mr. Scoresby mentions a harpooner who, after the *fensing* was completed, happened to have his foot attached by a hook to the kreg or carcass, when the latter was inadvertently cut away. The man caught hold of the gunwale of the boat; but the whole immense mass was now suspended by his body, occasioning the most excruciating torture and even exposing him to the danger of being torn asunder, when his companions contrived to hook the kreg with a grapple, and bring it back to the surface.

"The whale, in attempting to escape, sometimes exerts prodigious strength, and inflicts upon its pursuers not only danger, but the loss of their property. In 1812, a boat's crew belonging to the Resolution of Whitby struck a whale on the margin of a floe. Supported by a second boat, they felt much at their ease, there being scarcely an instance in which the assistance of a third was required in such circumstances. Soon, however, a signal was made for more line, and as Mr. Scoresby was pushing with his utmost speed, four oars were raised in signal of the utmost distress. The boat was now seen with its bow on a level with the water, while the harpooner, from the friction of the line, was enveloped in smoke. At length, when the relief was within a hundred yards, the crew were seen to throw their jackets upon the nearest ice, and then leap into the sea; after which the boat rose into the air, and, making a majestic curve, disappeared beneath the waters, with all the line attached to it. The crew were saved. A vigorous pursuit was immediately commenced; and the whale, being traced through narrow and intricate channels, was discovered considerably to the eastward, when three harpoons were darted at him. The line of two other boats was then run out, when, by an accidental entanglement, it broke, and enabled the whale to carry off in all about four miles of rope, which, with the boat, were valued at £150. The daring fishers again gave chase; the whale was seen, but missed. A third time it appeared, and was reached; two more harpoons were struck, and the animal being plied with lances, became entirely exhausted, and yielded to its fate. It had by that time drawn out 10,440 yards, or about six miles of line. Unluckily, through the disengagement of a harpoon, a boat and thirteen lines, nearly two miles in length, were detached and never recovered." p. 355—76.

We now take leave of this first number of the Edinburgh Library, with hearty good wishes for its deserved success.

GALT'S LIFE OF BYRON.

THERE are innumerable men in this working-day world who will not believe that criticism has one drop of truth in it, unless it be made all of treacle. In reviewing, alas! "an ounce of sweet is worth a pound of sour"—and woe be upon the heads of your gentlemen vinegar-merchants, who deal in an article worse than illicit,—and who, to adopt the language of some of "the secondary Scotch novelists," by their sour embitter the peace of their victims, without embalming the odour of their own gelatinous reflections. Our remarks upon Mr. Galt's "Life of Lord Byron" have not only (grieve we to say it) been disrelishing to author and publishers, but have offended the nice palates of friends and acquaintance, down even to the third and fourth generation. We are accused of being personal and unjust towards Mr. Galt, and piqued, pointed, and malicious towards Messrs. Colburn & Bentley, the two respectable men-midwives who attended Mr. Galt's labour, and ushered his rickety bantling into the world. We need hardly disclaim any but the fairest and best intentions towards the interests of honest literature in our late notices of the book in question. We judged Mr. Galt by his work alone—and if his pen will wing him into storms and troubles, why he must blame that goose-curse upon man, and not feel angry with his unoffending judges. Justice really gets so nudged and hustled, she can hardly hold her scales! Messrs. Colburn & Bentley, of a verity, ought not to look upon us as prejudiced and persevering enemies, but rather as candid friends: we are and profess to be, the rooted enemies of puffing and trade-winds—but when good books are given to the public, and properly given, we are and shall be among the first and loudest to greet them, and

"Our voice
Be only heard to hail them and rejoice!"

Now, could the publishers in their confessions, if they ever confess, admit for a moment that they considered those as their true friends who eulogized as master-pieces of pure and elegant composition, such of their books only as swarmed all over with despicable grammar and vermin metaphors? We are quite sure that the eternal flourish at the entrance of every successive Tom Thumb will, in the end, make the public clap their hands to their ears instead of into their pockets. The wolf-call will become a lulling sound! Solos on the trumpet, like truth, are not to be breathed at all times—and any of our readers will feel this, if they will please to recall the effect, during a night travel, of the guard's hourly communing with the spirit of the key-bugle at every change of horses.

Having resolved to *speak out* upon every occasion where we see ignorance assuming the part of knowledge—quackery trying its written character—or talent playing the motley, we are prepared to endure a deluge of insinuation, open accusation, and slanting vituperation. If we do occasionally maltreat a man when we bid him stand and deliver his trash on the high road of publication—why we must cry-a-mercy, like any given gentleman in the Newgate Calendar, and indulge in the ordinary repentance. We are not, however, without our little comforts, for we see the good of our earnest exertions mani-

festing itself in the book world. The foulness and impurity of the literary atmosphere is beginning to yield to the purifying *flashlets* (as tragedian Young† would call it,) of our lightning. The public acknowledge that we are not hiring critics—that we write from the dictates of unbiassed, unprejudiced, and fearless judgments; and the respectable and independent booksellers, and various of our liberal and reputable contemporaries, do not hesitate to assert that we are doing a goodly though a hazardous piece of work. The preventive service is no pleasurable pastime. Rather, however, than pursue the truckling, flattering system which the *Literary Gazette* and other engaged journals pursue,—giving a fair character to all applicants, like a servants' agency office,—rather than this, “we would be set quick i' the earth, and howled to death with turnips!”

Enough, however, upon that subject “on which all men are fluent, and none agreeable”—ourselves. We will turn to the notice of what we consider to be the results of our articles upon the first volume of the “National Library.” From the following rather angry letter, published by Mr. Galt in the *New Monthly Magazine*, for October, we should presume that Mr. Hobhouse has been remonstrating with the self-appointed biographer, on the ground of certain inaccuracies, which the reply explains. We trust that, although we are treated with dignified silence, Mr. Galt will accord to us the same attention he has given to the M.P., and “when error has been pointed out, make the necessary corrections.” We certainly have taken the liberty of pointing out a little awful multitude of blunders, as the Americans phrase it, which will employ that

Slave of his thoughts, the pen,
That mighty instrument of little men!

through some trifle of time. Mr. Hobhouse might well complain of being unmeritedly set down as the prohibitor of Childe Harold; and Mr. Galt gets but lamely out of the Medwin error, and the incorrect copy of Lord Byron's last verses—which are not his last. It certainly is absolutely requisite for a biographer to know his victim intimately before he sits down with an air of authority “to add his personal knowledge to that of others.”

To the Editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*.

“Sir,—It has been a rule with me not to notice publicly, either favourable, ignorant, or malicious criticism, but only, when error has been pointed out, to make the necessary corrections. On the present occasion I am induced to deviate from this rule, out of personal consideration for Mr. Hobhouse, the member for Westminster, and the friend of Lord Byron, and accordingly I request a place in your Journal for the following remarks.

“Mr. Hobhouse has informed me that I have done him wrong in conjecturing that he was ‘probably’ the critic who opposed the first publication of Childe Harold. (See *Life*, p. 161.) The conjecture was founded in believing him to have been in the entire confidence of his Lordship. Lord Byron told me himself at Athens that he had not then shown the manuscript to any person. Mr. Hobhouse says that he had left Lord Byron before he had finished the two cantos, and excepting a few fragments, he had never seen them until they were printed. An inscription on the manuscript has been pre-

served, and in his Lordship's handwriting, viz. ‘Byron, Joannina in Albania, begun October 31, 1809, concluded Canto II. Smyrna, March 28, 1810.—Byron.’ Mr. Hobhouse was with his Lordship long after the latter date.

“At page 212, I have quoted from Medwin that Mr. Hobhouse was with Lord Byron and Shelley in a boat, &c. It seems Mr. Hobhouse was not there; his name, therefore, should have been omitted by Capt. Medwin. At page 211, I have stated what I think of Captain Medwin's work, and in my preface have alluded to a suppressed pamphlet which was not seen by me until after my opinion had been printed.

“Mr. Hobhouse says that the verses which have always been considered as the last Lord Byron ever wrote, were not so, and that my version of them is not correct in nine different words. To this I can only answer that they were copied from a printed copy, having no other, (I believe the Parisian edition of Byron's works), and that I still cannot say what corrections should be made. If Mr. Hobhouse be engaged on any illustration of Byron, he will, of course, mention what edition should be preferred.

“I take leave on the present occasion to say, that, having long considered Lord Byron as a public man, in writing his life it seemed to me that I should confine myself to what had been already given to the world concerning him, authenticated with so much of what I knew myself to be correct, as would enable me to furnish the grounds on which I formed my notion of his Lordship's character. By adhering to this principle nothing improper could be done to his memory.

“A public character, like public events, can never be justly described by contemporaries. The only course that contemporaries can fairly pursue—and I have endeavoured to do so—is to add their personal knowledge to that of others. From the materials thus accumulated, posterity alone can be able to construct the proper work. It was no part of my plan to controvert the statements of others, but only to take such of them as were either generally admitted, or were not satisfactorily disproved. I am, &c.

Sept. 22, 1830.

JOHN GALT.”

“N.B. Since the foregoing was sent to the printer's, it has been suggested to me that I am not the only one who has done Mr. Hobhouse the injustice to suppose that he was the critic who condemned Childe Harold, and the following words have been laid before me as old as 1826. ‘Critica,’ says Lord Byron, ‘are all ready made;’ and how early Mr. Hobhouse was qualified for the trade, will appear from his having advised Lord Byron not to publish Childe Harold.”

J. G.”

The last number of Fraser's Magazine, has the following passage, which forms the introduction to a laudatory article on Mr. Galt's book. It touches on our wicked Review;—we are glad to be handsomely dealt with by a lively periodical, though we are sorry to see it condescend to spare a bad book. The corrupt state of the market calls out for rigid and nerved inquirers, and we return advice for advice, when we heartily recommend friend Fraser to collar and expose the salesmen, whenever he detects a carrion carcass in the literary shambles.

“A weekly paper, called the *Athenæum*, has thought proper to attack Mr. Galt very violently for this *Life of Byron*. Now against a fair attack in an open field we have not the slightest objection: indeed, we love, as well as any one a regular sparring-match, or a small sword pass, or even the combustion of duelling pistols, provided always, that each party has extended to him equal terms of advantage. But we abominate all ambush work, all hole and corner diversion—all fighting under the shelter of screens or preserving parapets, where your malicious

gentleman may deliberately, and in chuckling glee, poke his long and murderous barrel through his tiny loop-hole, take a dead aim at his adversary's person, and give him his everlasting quietus with something worse than a ‘bare bodkin’—to wit, a good round bullet, sufficiently heavy to make a flaw in the thickest skull in christendom. Something after this fashion is the manner of the *Athenæum*'s proceedings. It stands on the vantage ground. It can make its regular attacks against a bookseller, using with impunity the power which every journal must possess; and the parties attacked can do nothing in their self-defence. What grounds of complaint Messrs. Colburn & Bentley may have given the right worshipful worthies of this smartly-written hebdomadal, we know not; but it is evident that something of this sort must have happened, for as regularly as a book issues from the house of the booksellers in New Burlington-street, so surely it is made a subject of attack in the pages of the *Athenæum*.† This, however, if we may be allowed the expression of an honest opinion, is a dangerous course for the adoption of the managers of this respectable periodical. Uniform censure or uniform praise is equally injudicious, and will in the end recoil in deepest disappointment on the authors. Some little discrimination, therefore, in their use is absolutely necessary. Heaven knows, that towards these gentlemen of New Burlington-street we have not ourselves been over-sparing or merciful; but then our cruelty has not been of a sweeping character. There is much to find fault with in their conduct; and when reprehension is necessary, let it be meted out in fullest measure. Surely, however, every day of a man's life is not remarkable, in an equal degree, for its dark spots of culpability; and, aware of this truth, we have behaved accordingly to Messrs. Colburn & Bentley. A truly kind father will punish his child, when expostulation and reproof are unavailing; and, in the utmost love towards the individuals in question, we have, without doubt, and we flatter ourselves, pretty effectually, cut their tawdry fashionable novels, and milk and water biographies of swindlers, vagabonds, and Paul Cliffords, into atoms. But there our animosity has begun and ended; for as soon as they produced a wholesome publication, we proved ourselves right glad of the opportunity of uttering our laudatory opinion, and effecting the sale of the work even to a third and fourth—nay, why should we hide our worth and good offices under a bushel?—even to a sixtieth edition. To the *Athenæum*, therefore, we say, go and do thou likewise—so shall thy merits be acknowledged of all men, and so shalt thou put the golden guineas in thy pocket by an increased circulation of thy weekly prolusions.”

The foregoing is charitable towards Mr. Galt, and not unfriendly towards ourselves. We have already said that we have no personal feelings in the matter—and if a succession of articles chance to be severe, it is only a lamentable proof that the Burlington

† *Facts*.—This paper came, rather unexpectedly, under the control of the present editor a few days preceding the publication of No. 136. The account between him and Messrs. Colburn stands as follows:—

PRaised.	CONDemned.
De L'Orme.	Separation.
Journal of a Heart.	Bernard.
Webster's Travels.	Juvenile Library, No. 1.
Midsummer Medley.	Juvenile Library, No. 2.
The Denounced.	Clarence.
Frederick's Memoirs.	National Library, No. 1.
The English at Home.	
Southernman, by Mr. Galt.	
The Undying One.	
The Oxoniens.	
D'Israeli's Charles the 1st.	
Northcote's Conversations.	

Captain Alexander's and Mrs. Elwood's Travels may be placed to either account. Mrs. Elwood was warmly commended, although not without some sharp censure.

† See “Northcote's Conversations,” p. 142.

Street publishers give to the public long and uninterrupted series of worthless books. No critics, who respect their character and public welfare, would dare to run a-muck indiscriminately against every publication, good, bad, or indifferent. When our two papers upon the first number of the "National Library" can be satisfactorily answered, either by Mr. Galt, or by any writer who attempts the defence, then we will confess ourselves,

"Combined usurpers on the throne of taste," and yield to the first puny whipster that can get up a fi'penny revolution against our sovereignty!

But the best of the thing remains yet to be told! Prose has not only prosed its admonitions and severities upon Mr. Galt's luckless book, but poetry has had a flirt at it, and the bite of the latter is ever "parlous angry!" Not only have the centipedes of criticism annoyed the hapless author, but the winged insects, with stings, have come upon him like a plague. Verily is he troubled! *The Times* of Wednesday last has extracted from the *Dublin Weekly Register*, the following *jeu d'esprit*, accompanying it with the observation, that "there can be no doubt about the author"—"Oh, oh, Mr. Moore!—you ——" But to the verses:—

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE—REVOLUTION IN THE DICTIONARY—ONE GALT AT THE HEAD OF IT.

God preserve us!—there's nothing now safe from assault;
Thrones toppling around, churches brought to the hammer;

And accounts have just reached us that one Mr. Galt
Has declared open war against English and Grammar!

He had long been suspected of some such design,
He, the better his wicked intents to arrive at,
Had lately 'mong C—lb—n's troops of the line
(The penny-a-line men) enlisted as private.

There school'd with a rabble of words at command,
Scottish, English, and slang, in promiscuous alliance,
He, at length, against Syntax has taken his stand,
And sets all the Nine Parts of Speech at defiance.

Next advices, no doubt, further facts will afford;—
In the meantime, the danger most imminent grows,
He has taken the Life of one eminent Lord,
And who he'll next murder the Lord only knows.

Wednesday evening.

Since our last, matters, luckily, look more serene;—
Tho' the rebel, 'tis stated, to aid his defection,
Has seized a great Powder—no—Puff Magazine,
And th' explosions are dreadful in every direction.

What his meaning exactly is, nobody knows,
As he talks (in a strain of intense botheration,)
Of lyrical "ichor," "gelatinous" prose,¹
And a mixture called "amber immortalization."²

Now he raves of a bard he once happened to meet,
Seated high "among rattlings" and "churning" a sonnet;³

Now talks of a mystery, wrapp'd in a sheet,
With a halo (by way of a night-cap) upon it.]]

We shudder in tracing these terrible lines:—
Something bad they must mean, tho' we can't make it out;—

For, whate'er may be guessed of Galt's secret designs,
They're all *Anti-English* no Christian can doubt.

These are indeed good stanzas, well timed!

—What a pity it is that the parents of the

"National Library" take such very bad care of

No. I. Is it too late to recall the little

volume, as we really fear that owing to haste

or some mistake, the editor has never yet

¹ "That dark diseased ichor which coloured his effusions."—*Galt's Life of Byron*.

² "That gelatinous character of their effusions."—*id.*

³ "The poetical embalmment, or rather amber immortalization."—*id.*

⁴ "Sitting amidst the shrouds and rattlings, churning an inarticulate melody."—*id.*

⁵ "He was a mystery in a winding-sheet, crowned with a halo."—*id.*

had a revise! Correction might do much, for at present the work has only the fault which attended Lord Duberly's "Cakelology," and is deficient in nothing "but words, phrases and grammar!"

Remarks on Hugh Latimer's Protest against some of the Inferences contained in a Visitation Sermon, preached by the Rev. J. E. N. Molesworth, A.M. on the Danger of a Divided House; with a Glance at Calvinism. By a Layman. Canterbury, 1830.

We have read this pamphlet with great interest. We regret that our space does not allow us to lay before our readers the very able defence which the author has made of the moderate high church party, from the conventional charges fulminated against them by the evangelical ministry, which he has ably shown to be as frivolous as they are false and vexatious.

The pamphlet before us is written with a spirit and energy of style, a power and vigour of argument rarely to be found in this class of publications. The dotages of Calvin and Beza are most admirably exposed. The bugbear of unconditional predestination and election is successfully stripped of its monstrous trappings, and shown up to view in the nakedness of its deformity.

We congratulate our layman, and are proud to find that the church has such an able champion in one of her seculars.

A Treatise on Atmospheric Electricity; including Lightning-rods and Paragrêles. By John Murray, F.S.A. &c. 2d Edition.

We are glad to see a second edition of this little volume: it contains a great deal of valuable information. The most directly valuable part of the work is that which treats of the conductors of lightning in common use, and of the substitutes which the progress of the science of electricity would seem to recommend; and the curious speculation as to the effects likely to follow from the adoption of the paragrêle in hop-plantations, as a means of banishing from them those swarms of *aphides*, whose presence is so destructive of the hopes of the husbandman. We, however, object to Mr. Murray, that his language is too ornate for his subjects. In all works of science, simplicity is the greatest charm of style.

ALAS! FOR SIR GUY!

DALLAD—BY R. T. CHORLEY.

'Tis cheerful in the greenwood,
When the hunters' call is heard,
And the horn awakes at morning
The sleeping forest-bird;
There's one, of late their blithest chief,
Now lets the train sweep by,
And hoards alone his heavy grief—
Alas! for brave Sir Guy!

'Tis joyous at the revel,
When thousand lamps are bright,
And flower-crowned maidens' singing
Make musical the night;
There's one has left the banquet-hall
By some dark stream to lie,
Where sad winds wail, and brown leaves fall—
Alas! for young Sir Guy!

'Tis merry at the bridal,
When the gallant weds the gay,
And peasants shout for gladness,
And roses strew the way;
There's one this hour hath heard the doom
Which bids the hopeless die;
And this he graven on his tomb,
"Alas! for good Sir Guy!"

A FRENCH CHATTERTON.

A recent *Revue Encyclopédique* contains an interesting notice of a "poet in his misery dead," offering several points of resemblance to the unfortunate "boy of Bristol." Unquestionably, A. E. GAULMIER had less genius, and died considerably older: he was a milder and tenderer spirit; his trials, though severe, were less bitter; and from the aberrations and evil opinions of Chatterton he seems to have been free. Yet there is a family likeness between the young poets, and after reading their respective biographies, we feel that the muse was equally the mother, and misfortune the rough nurse of both. Both were provincials; Chatterton was born in decidedly low life, and Gaulmier was confined to the laborious occupation of giving instructions in rhetoric in a country seminary. From his early years, he seems to have been one of those spirits that realize the fable of the nightingale, and sing with their breast against a thorn;—one of those who pine after ideal perfection, and find nothing in this world responsive to the voice of their imagination and sensibility;—one of those, to whom

A voice in every whisper
Of the tree, the wave, the air,
Comes meaning for the beautiful
And asking—where, oh where?

We continually see the affectation of this spirit of sadness—but in Gaulmier it was real; melancholy had "marked him for her own;" and that, which many put on and off like a mode, was in him a disposition that nothing charmed or corrected. His best poetry was elegiac, because then he was most at home, and could speak from his own heart. He was, as we have said, sombre-hearted, but a peculiar circumstance of a romantic nature gave permanence to his melancholy, and embittered the remainder of his life. At the early age of seventeen he formed an attachment, which had nothing in it of the vague sentiment we are apt to attribute to our friends over the channel—it was unhappily too earnest, too long-lived. It was unfortunate also, for it seems the lady (*la divinité qui préside à toutes ses actions*) married, and from his own admission, that had he loved less, he could have told his love, it seems doubtful whether he was more than a silent worshipper. If so, his worldly condition, and sensitive feelings, embodying a good deal of pride, were probably the cause of his silence. It is, however, to the honour of this young poet, that when the indulgence of his passion became wrong, he vanquished its dominion even at the expense of his health; but the impression remained, and when, many years afterwards he partially formed another attachment, willing to make love cure the ills that love had inflicted, it seems that a chance meeting re-animated his old affection—

Tu parus, je te vis, et je devins paillard.

It is somewhat remarkable, that, whilst in dramas and romances we perpetually find that unhappy lovers regard the grave as their asylum, the fear of death was, to Gaulmier, a source of additional trial. Melancholy ought ever to be treated and considered as in some measure a bodily disease, and this fear of death is by no means one of its uncommon forms in disorders of the spleen and stomach. It is a grievous, but frequently providential affliction;—happy had Chatterton felt it, and then he would not have "perished in his pride," and by his own hand—the hand of a mere youth. But Chatterton was a fiery and determined spirit; his affections were subordinate to his ambition; he flung himself into the furnace of party politics, and even had he lived and been prosperous, it is doubtful whether the pursuits of literature would have afforded him sufficiently strong excitement, when the novelty of fame had passed away. There was much of Byron in Chatterton—in his reckless satire—in his burning desire "to be for ever

known"—in his alternations of excess and abstinence: but the balance is in favour of "the marvellous boy." A charity scholar; an apprentice sleeping up in an attic with the footboy; an adventurer in London, writing by night what brought him his day's mouthful of bread; neglected, yet self-consumed by consciousness of genius, and a passion for distinction that could only be likened to hunger and thirst; with no guide during a gleam of success better than his own wild heart's yet wilder hopes; in depression, without any refuge or consolation except those afforded by dark deistic views of death; with no single friend, or even companion, to pray him to forbear either his foolish schemes or sinful doubts; none to calm his vexed spirit, or even assist his body with food and raiment; the book-sellers and periodicals of that day grinding him to powder; steeped in poverty and steeled in pride;—far be it from us to "call evil good or good evil," but deep anguished pity is always our predominant feeling when we rise from glancing over the life (it was only seventeen years and nine months) of the most unhappy and most highly endowed—Thomas Chatterton.

To return to Gaulmier. With the hope of recovering his self-possession, he alternately addressed himself to the study of medicine and divinity, but he had not nerve enough for the business of the dissecting-room, and he carried with him even to the foot of the altar his perturbations of spirit; yet, as he well expressed it, "*Dieu seul pouvait remplir la vaste solitude.*" In a case like this it is pleasant to remember, that a heart may be healed and yet remain unhappy; a moral cure may be effected, yet the voice of joy and melody never more echo through the deserted mansion; just as the earth continues to bring forth thorns and briars, though a DELIVERER has descended from heaven. The short life of Gaulmier had one brief space of comparative happiness—that in which he suffered himself to be persuaded into an endeavour to become a second time attached. About this time he composed an ode ("*sur le dévouement de Malaherbes*") which won the poetical prize decreed by the French Academy. It is a rare occurrence for an unknown author, living in the heart of the provinces, to receive in Paris so high an honour; but, unfortunately, this prize-ode is one of the feeblest of Gaulmier's productions;—nevertheless, in that moment of success, the poet condensed the happiness, and forgot the misery of a whole life. Here he reminds us forcibly of Chatterton; for both were devoted sons, and desired to render their own triumphs productive of comfort to their friends at home; and both were equally elevated into enthusiasm by a transient sunbeam of prosperity. Thus writes Gaulmier to his mother—" *Ah, si cet instant des plus vives sensations de bonheur m'a coûté cher, je suis prêt à en acheter le retour au même prix. De telles jouissances ne peuvent se payer. Ainsi, je suis voué pour la vie à la littérature.*" And, writes Chatterton in the first glow of his arrival in London,—"I am settled, and in such a settlement as I could desire. I get four guineas a month by one magazine, and shall engage to write a History of England and other pieces, which will more than double that sum. Occasional essays for the daily papers will more than support me. What a glorious prospect!" And thus to his sister—"Assure yourself every month shall end to your advantage. I will send you two silks this summer: my mother shall not be forgotten." But Gaulmier's hopes of laurels, like Chatterton's of gold, were destined to know disappointment. The following year he wrote again—" *Sur le dévouement des médecins Français et des Sœurs de Ste. Camille, à Barcelonne.*" and the poem merely obtained honourable mention, although it was every way superior to his prize-ode of the former year. It would make our notice too long to give an extract from this piece, but his picture of "The Sisters" is graphic and interesting.

Another poem, "*Sur l'abolition de la traite des nègres*," also obtained honourable mention, but no more academic prizes fell to his share. It was unfortunate for Gaulmier, that he confounded the love of liberty with the love of virtue; since, obliged by rigorous necessity to conceal his sentiments in order to preserve his situation, and from his natural temperament rendered wretched by such concealment, he lived under a restraint that wore out his existence. It was the moth fretting a garment. Independent too of the trials which proceeded from his own disposition, he had others of a tangible nature.

Buried in an obscurity from which he could not emerge, he had the mortification of seeing poems written in folly and bad taste rise into celebrity. Soon after he was called to mourn the death of his father, and the diminution of his mother's patrimony: and here again, like Chatterton, he wrote to her in the most generous and touching strain. This last stroke, whilst, in combination with other misfortunes, it affected his health, already delicate, roused him to one more effort—one last hope, that fame and fortune might yet be kind. The French Academy gave as a subject for a poem, "*L'invention de l'imprimerie*;" and Gaulmier flattered himself that, by gaining this prize, the attention of those in power might be drawn towards him, and he might obtain some place that would permit him to finish his studies in Paris, and, in time, render his name distinguished. In this, the last of many hopes, he gathered up his little remaining strength, with the resolute determination to succeed. The possibility of a reverse never occurred to him; and when after all his labours news was brought him that his production had not even been mentioned, the courage of life was struck to the dust; his bodily frame gave way; he grieved and died. Gaulmier was modest, but he had the quick feeling inseparable from genius; and even a person uninterested in the decision must admit, that the work condemned by the Academy to be forgotten was worthy of a better fate. But to be forgotten, has not been the lot of Gaulmier: his poems are now collected into three volumes, together with his translations from Tibullus; and if, during his life, he had no power to put in motion "*les coteries et les journaux*," he has been compared since his death to Petrarch, and in the pen of his biographer has found "*la plume d'un tendre frère.*" It was thus with Chatterton: safely buried in a shell in the burying-ground of Shoe Lane workhouse, "honours began to gather round his memory. The learned Tyrwhitt published his poems with a preface, introduction, and glossary; a few years after, a very splendid edition was published by Dr. Milles, Dean of Exeter,—with a dissertation and commentary—and incidental tributes without number have been offered by great names at the pauper shrine of the "boy of Bristol."

We have always thought that some verses of his Minstrel's Song in "Ella," were mournfully applicable to himself; and in their light melodious rhythm affording full proof of modern and not antique composition. We quote a few verses, subtracting only some crabbed spelling and black-letter phrases;—all the world are pretty well agreed as to the fact of Chatterton's having forged the poems pretended to be Rowley's; and it is needless to spoil to the eye, what to the ear is tender and harmonious. In doing so, we repeat, that we consider them as a kind of personal elegy.

O sing unto my roundelay;
O drop the briny tear with me;
Dance no more at holiday—
Like a running river be!
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Black his hair as the winter night;
White his brow as the summer snow;
Red his face as the morning light;
Cold he lies in the grave below.

My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Sweet his tongue as the thrush's note;
Quick in dance as thought can be;
Deft his tabor—cudgel stout—
O he lies by the willow tree!
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing
In the briared dell below;—
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the night-mares as they go!
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree!

THREE WEEKS IN NEW YORK.

"Not know the amount of the national debt!" exclaimed a lady in great astonishment, at the same time placing a pair of nut-brown hands upon her knees, with her elbows a-kinbo, and throwing significant and rapid glances at the company who were assembled. "Not know the amount of the national debt!" This exclamation was occasioned by an unfortunate *lapsus memoriae*—I had forgotten the superadded shillings and pence, that are usually annexed with wonderful precision to our nine hundred millions and odd pounds. This lady soon discovered herself to be a politician. Necker and Adam Smith she knew by rote; and could point out, to a single boy in a generation, the errors of Malthus. I followed the lady's glances in the hope of finding protection in the less visible surprise of others, but I was disappointed. One gentleman immediately enlarged upon the dissemination of political knowledge in America, and took care to inform me that every village boasted of a newspaper. Upon inquiry, I found, that he was the pedagogue of one of these villages, the fountain of all its information—the "Sir Oracle," and in addition, editor of one of these papers. His chief recommendations consisted in a disposable vote, in being an anti-mason, belonging to a society for the suppression of intemperance, in stoutly resisting the iron rod of power abroad, and preserving a wholesome discipline with the birch at home. This "snapper up of unconsidered trifles" contrived to emit, for the edification of the world, a weekly journal, enriched with one column of compilations, containing records of wooden nutmegs and horn flints, runaway negroes, fatal duels, in which gentlemen of Kentucky fought with rifles muzzle to muzzle—the minutest account of the last sea-serpent—proceedings of the Temperance Society—mint-julap the devil's elixir, and the rest, frontispieces and advertisements. By the bye, hostility to dram-drinking is making victorious progress in this country, as will appear by the following insertion in a Yankee newspaper of influence and respectability:—"Wanted two young men of steady habits, to carry the *Geneva Chronicle* round to the different subscribers; none need apply, unless they have renounced spirituous liquors altogether."

The American ladies, generally speaking, are a very pretty, provoking, pertinacious race. They love to enjoy the luxury of confounding you with a political poser. In England, the minutiae of the affairs of the state are left to be discussed by those who are paid for superintending them. British dames and misses would denounce a garrulous politician in their presence, as a "horrible man." They are no converts of the redoubtable Miss Wright, who, in public assemblies, "in Gath and in Ascalon," lectured upon universal knowledge, and invoked her countrywomen to abandon the ignominious "penates" of their fire-sides, to go forth and commune with the "blunt monster of uncounted

heads," seek fame and popularity in the halls of science and legislation, and make themselves the mistresses and arbitresses of the world. Wonderful! and yet this said Miss Wright has exerted her stentorian and indefatigable lungs to some purpose in America, while quakers, whose sleek and undimpled surfaces seemed incapable of being ruffled by the excitements of "every-day wonders," flocked in crowds to hear her. This perplexing propensity of the American ladies has had the effect of making the young men hyper-political. Whether it proceeds from the pride of excelling, or a desire to gratify their fair companions, that they incessantly harp on this hackneyed theme, I know not; but certain it is, that every charm of social conversation seems to be invaded and embittered by this stalking topic. I was introduced to a young lady who sang deliciously—her voice was by nature excellent, and a residence in Italy had given it that polish and peculiar sweetness, which are only to be acquired by a study of the Italian school. One evening she was singing "Sento brillarmi in seno," accompanying herself on the pianoforte, when, lo! in the midst of a tumultuous flood of mingled melody, sentiment, pathos and passion, she suddenly ceased, and striking an octave with her elbows on the instrument, with wonderful vivacity and spirit, joined in a conversation about home consumption, domestic manufactures, raw materials and foreign produce, in which some half dozen wranglers had been loudly indulging in the very teeth of taste and good breeding.

ORIGIN OF PAGANINI'S MAGICAL COMMAND OVER A SINGLE VIOLIN STRING.

AS RELATED BY HIMSELF.

(From a Memoir lately written by M. Schottley.)

It is possible that these lines may be of some use in throwing light on certain sinister reports, which, however, are so far from being new, that wherever Paganini's fame has spread, it has been shaded with the dreadful story of the fate of his innamorate, and the miracle of art produced by his alleged incarceration. I am myself acquainted with an officer who once maintained that some of his men stood sentries at Paganini's prison-door, and informed him that he was released for want of evidence to his crime. And I have heard many amateurs of the violin declare, that "the story could not possibly be a mere invention, for it must have required years of solitary abstraction from the tumult of the world, for Paganini to attain the means of overcoming such difficulties as those which he has compassed."

The less generous part of the public are well come to amuse themselves with inventing such causes, as the key to Paganini's decided preference of the flageolet, and skill in playing on the *o* string; but I am content to pin my faith on the account which he gave me himself; and I shall communicate it in his own words:—"I was playing at Luca, where it always fell to my lot to direct the opera, whenever the reigning family visited it, as well as to perform at court three times a week, and to get up a public concert for the higher circles every fortnight; whenever these were visited (which was not invariably) by the Princess Elisa Baciocchi, Napoleon's favourite sister, who was Princess of Luca and Piombino, she never remained to the close, because the flageolet tones of my violin were too much for her nerves. On the other hand, there was another fascinating creature, ***** who, I flattered myself, felt a penchant for me, and was never absent from my performances; on my own side, I had long been her admirer. Our mutual fondness became gradually stronger and stronger; but we were forced to conceal it, and by this means its strength and fervour were sensibly enhanced. One day I promised to surprise her at the next concert

with a musical joke, which should convey an allusion to our attachment; and I accordingly gave notice at court, that I should bring forward a musical novelty, under the title of a "Love Scene." The whole world was on tiptoe at the tidings, and on the evening appointed I made my appearance, violin in hand; I had previously robbed it of the two middle strings, so that none but *e* and *a* remained. The first string being designed to play the maiden's part, and the second the youth's, I began with a species of dialogue, in which I attempted to introduce movements analogous to transient bickerings and reconciliations between the lovers. Now my strings growled, and then sighed; and anon they lisped, hesitated, joked, and joyed, till at last they sported with merry jubilee. In the course of time, both souls joined once more in harmony, and the appeased lovers' quarrel led to a '*pas de deux*,' which terminated in a brilliant '*coda*.' This musical fantasia of mine was greeted with loud applause: the lady, to whom every scene referred, rewarded me by looks full of delight and sweetness; and the Princess was charmed into such amiable condescension, that she loaded me with encomiums—asking me, whether, since I could produce so much with *two* strings, it would not be possible for me to gratify them with playing on *one*. I yielded instant assent—the idea tickled my fancy—and, as the Emperor's birthday occurred some weeks afterwards, I composed a sonata for the *o* string, which I entitled 'Napoleon,' and played before the court to so much effect, that a cantate, given by Cimarosa the same evening, fell through without producing any impression on its hearers. This is the genuine and original cause of my prejudice in favour of the *o* string. People were afterwards importunate to hear more of this performance, and in this way I became day by day a greater adept at it, and acquired constantly-increasing confidence in this peculiar mystery of handling the bow."

As soon as Paganini had made an end of his tale, he ran to a pile of boxes, hunted out Napoleon's sonata, and sang the first movement in an animated, though feeble tone; afterwards telling me that the theme had been transferred by Rossini into one of his earlier operas, in which it was treated more at large, with much success.

BURCKHARDT'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH HIS PARENTS.

(Continued from p. 603.)

Cairo, 16th April, 1816.

For the last four years, the plague has constantly broken out here every spring. The Turks believe, that "everything is written on high," and that if a man be predestined to perish, no earthly means can save him. Under this impression, they do not shut themselves up; nay, they deem it impious to do so, and are therefore carried off by thousands. Yet, when I was last year in Arabia, I found the people had different feelings. At the time I was at Jumbo, a port on the Red Sea, where the malady was raging, and I had no means of keeping myself apart from others, I saw immense numbers run up to the mountains. When they were asked what occasion they had for fear,—and the inquirer added, that, if it were intended they should die, death would equally lay hands upon them among the mountains,—they replied—"The plague is a blessing, which God sends on earth in order that good men should be called on an early day to the mansions of bliss: we feel, that we are not worthy as yet of that blessing, and therefore get beyond its reach until better times." Unfortunately, it was not in my own power to flee.—I observed, during my residence in Jumbo, that my slave quitted the caravan-serai where I lived, every morning before sunrise, and returned in about an hour. When I

asked him where he went, I learned that he repaired to the sea-shore in order to wash the dead, who had departed during the night and were carried down on boards every morning, that they might be thoroughly cleansed, as is the Turkish custom, before their interment. My slave said that he lent a helping hand, with a view "to acquire favour in the eyes of God;" he was greatly surprised when I forbade him to touch any more corpses, and asked me, "whether I prohibited him from washing my own body, if I chanced to die?"

Cairo, 6th July, 1817.

Your delightful letter of the 23d of April has this moment reached me; and, could anything enhance the joy which I always derive from hearing of you, it is the tone of calm contentment which breathes through every line of your dear handwriting. However, I might myself be bowed down by misfortune, it would always prove a consolation to me to know that you were happy. But I cannot complain of unhappiness; and my contented state of mind is perhaps to be ascribed to the same causes as those which are the source of yours. I have no anxious cares to torment me; I feel that I am doing my duty, and I look forward to the future with a cheerful heart: I am prepared for whatever of good or evil it may bring forth, and, under every circumstance, entertain the hope that I may attain my great object. Believe me, my dearest mother, to meet you once more in this world, or in the next, is far dearer to my wishes than the highest of public applause. Fame, when once attained, is but an unsubstantial possession; but, to be assured of a mother's affection—to know our conscience whispers us, that we have clung fast to our duty through many a bitter trial,—this is a feeling which raises the soul above every earthly consideration. The day will come, when I shall renounce the chains of ambition; but the consciousness of a parent's love and a sense of duties faithfully discharged, will never forsake my bosom.

It would be impossible for the most eloquent inscription which could hallow the last abiding-place of our lamented friend, to equal the witness which he bears to his own "walks and ways" in a letter to his brother, written four months previously to the last extract:—"Never, and on no one occasion, have I spoken of the world around me in terms which my conscience has not approved. I have not dared so many perils and such great toils, in order to write a romance."

GOETHE'S BIRTH-DAY.

Weimar, 29th August.

YESTERDAY, being the eighty-second birthday of Goethe, was celebrated by a numerous party of his friends and admirers, who met together at a banquet in the town-hall and did honour to the occasion, both by speeches and vocal and instrumental revelry. The walls of the saloon were ornamented with appropriate devices and allegories, and in its centre a bust of the venerable poet, crowned with flowers and laurels, was erected on a handsome pedestal. A silver goblet, adorned with a winged Pegasus on its lid, stood upon an elegant stand in the middle of the table and displayed a poetical inscription in honour of the bard; it was a birthday present from some of his admirers in Frankfurt, and did not prove the less acceptable because accompanied with a liberal tribute of good old hock. You will readily conceive the enthusiasm with which we poured out a libation to his health. Hummel was amongst us, and his finger sought expression for his own feelings and those of every surrounding guest in a brilliant fantasia: a song, given by Stromeier, was followed by a poetical composition of Professor Riemer, which (I pray you to accept my apology

for the demerits of the translation) gave rise to a burst of plaudits, which rent the hall as if its echo would never have ceased. The grand-ducal theatre did homage to him in the evening by giving his "Goetz of Berlichingen."

LONDON UNIVERSITY.

THE Medical Session opened yesterday, and we are happy to announce that there is no falling off in the number of students. Dr. Connolly delivered the introductory lecture. His object was to show the attractive and interesting nature of all the branches of medical science and study, as well as their utility. Allusion was made to the great number of medical pupils at the University during the last Session, and to the untimely death of Mr. Atkinson, of Sheffield, who gained the first prize ever given by the University, and three gold medals within one year. Some remarks were then made on the early education of those destined for the medical profession; and the enlightened and benevolent character of the profession in general was strongly dwelt upon; and the honourable testimonies of Pope, Johnson, and Parr, to their humanity and worth were referred to. Dr. Connolly concluded with some general observations on the prospects of the University, and the certain effect of the institution on society—expressing his fervent wishes for its success, and the success of every other institution throughout the world, of which the objects were equally useful.

FINE ARTS.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels.
Nos. V. & VI. C. Tilt.

We were not quite satisfied with the first of these numbers, and determined to wait before we pronounced our judgment. We rejoice we did so, for the new one is full of beauty, and proves satisfactorily that there is no falling off, either in the spirit with which the work began, or the taste with which it has been conducted. We shall now give an account of both:—

"St. Mary's," by Prout, (The Abbot) is rough and hard.

"Holy Lock," by Harding, (Heart of Mid-Lothian) hard again.

"Bothwell Castle," by Reinagle, (Old Mortality) indifferent.

"Peel Castle," by Gastineau, (Peveril of the Peak) with some few defects, but a great deal of beauty.

"Queen's Ferry," by Stanfield, (The Antiquary) beautiful, though not in Stanfield's usual style.

"St. Magnus," drawn by Purser, and "Stromness," by Fielding, from sketches by the Marchioness of Stafford; the latter very beautiful, and both illustrating the Pirate; and a view of

"Namur," by Prout, (for Quentin Durward,) fuller of truth than Prout usually is, and with all his accustomed power.

We cannot conclude without expressing the delight it gave us to see the association of wealth and talent—to see the Marchioness of Stafford kindly lending her assistance and her drawings to illustrate the beauties of the delightful Novelist.

Views in the East, comprising India, Canton, and the Shores of the Red Sea. From Original Sketches by Captain Robert Elliot, R.N. No. II. Fisher, Son, & Co.

We spoke highly of the first number of this work, and the present one is fully equal to it. The Tomb of Shere Shah is excellent, and the

View of Benares most interesting. If the future numbers keep up with the present in excellence, we shall say with the publishers in the prospectus—that the work should take its place with the "European Views" of Batty, and with Brockedon's "Passes of the Alps." It has the great merit, too, of being *come-at-able* by those whose purses are not of the longest—of those who do not possess the costly but invaluable works of our Indian Daniell.

The Vicar of Wakefield. G. S. Newton, A.R.A. John Burnet. Moon, Boys & Graves.

DELIGHTFUL!—charming!—admirable! were the words which found their vent from our lips when this interesting print was first placed before us.

How many thanks do we owe thee, Newton, for thine excellent design! the feeling heart, far more than the critic's pen, will render thee the tribute of applause due to thy deserts. Who is there so steeled against the gentle feelings of our nature as not to have wept with the poor deserted Olivia, and shed tears of sorrow when the worthy Vicar clasps the poor deluded wanderer to his arms! Most of our readers must remember the picture when it was exhibited at Somerset House, and therefore want not a description of it—those who have not seen it, we would have turn to "the Vicar," chap. XXII, and they will have a better description than we can give them of the touching scene.

But, it will be said, how has this delightful picture been engraved?—in truth (if Mr. Burnet's name be not assurance enough) most excellently. We hardly know which we admire most, the beauty of execution or the painter-like feeling which pervades the whole of it; we need only say, it is equal, if not superior, to the "Blind Fiddler" and the "Jew's Harp," the two prints we most esteem by the engraver's hand, and gives us a delightful promise of his great work, now in progress, of Wilkie's picture of the "Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of the battle of Waterloo."

To the publishers, let us give the word of approbation; for to their encouragement we owe this exquisite print—at a time too when so little is published to delight our eyes, and that little but "small deer" for the Annuals of the forthcoming season.

We doubt not that the sale of this print will justify our encomiums upon it.

The Comic Annual for 1831.

We have announced many of the forthcoming Annuals—but Mr. Hood shall announce his own. His pleasant missive is so unlike the letters usually received on these occasions, that it would ill sort with their sententious brevity, and is too good to be subjected to the possible hazard of being overlooked in the advertisement.

"A rumour having been privately circulated in the whispering gallery of St. Paul's, that a publishing firm of that neighbourhood intended to bring forward a New Comic Annual, the Proprietor of the Old Ditto Ditto feels anxious that the new work should not be mistaken for a new volume of the original perennial.

"THE COMIC ANNUAL was composed (to quote Lord Durlham) by 'some man of the name of Wood or Good or Hood,' and was published by Messrs. Hurst & Chance, of the Cathedral Church-yard. Its successor, illustrated also by Hood and Wood, and, it is hoped, equally Good, will issue from another house,—the repository of C. Tilt, Fleet Street, at the avenue of Saint Bride. There is, of course, a difficulty, as with comets, in timing the exact re-appearance of an eccentric visitor, but it is presumed that the claims of equity will be respected, if the book binds itself to appear as soon as it is bound.

"The same publisher is entrusted with the Second Edition of the First Volume, the liberal

patronage of the public having long since placed the author in the best of literary positions—that of having a copy-right and not a copy left.

Winchmore Hill, Sept. 1830.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

ON Wednesday night this theatre was lighted up, that the friends of the establishment might have an opportunity of witnessing the effect of the new decorations.

The gold ornaments of last year have given place to silver relieved by blue; the design is more tasteful, and the general effect chaster. The panels of the boxes are enriched by ornate ornaments of various kinds—rosettes, diamonds, an-Apollo's heads; on the second tier, a rosette on a ground of crimson forms the centre,—on either side there is a parallelogram in French white. The various parts harmonize admirably. The ceiling is divided into compartments by means of fretted heads of silver. The chandelier retains its old position. Mr. Andrews has painted a new drop-scene, which is very beautiful when examined from the stage, but which, when viewed from the remote parts of the pit and boxes, produces a much less happy effect. Great, however, as are the improvements which have been effected on the whole, it must still remain a matter of doubt, whether the colours of the present season are not too delicate to be durable, and whether, when the houses happen to be thin, their thinness may not be rendered more conspicuous, than when the colouring in the back-ground was deeper.

Italian Periodicals.—Among the signs of the times we are gratified in being able to place two journals, which have recently made their appearance in Italy, with a view to bring the reading world in that quarter acquainted with the gems of foreign literature and science. One of these, the "*Antologia Straniera*" is published at Turin; and the other, "*L'Ecclettico*," at Parma. The first has indisputably the advantage over its cotemporary: but both of them afford a singular proof of the spread of freedom of opinion even where the fetters of religion, or rather of ecclesiastical policy, have been wont to enchain it. Some of the later numbers of the "*Antologia*" contain philosophical disquisitions, which but a twelvemonth back would have been honoured with a "non imprimatur." The times of Galileo have happily "perished from the things that be."

March of Intellect suspended.—The Belgian papers mention, that the minister of the Home Department has postponed the commencement of the autumnal courses in the universities of Louvain and Liege. Ghent and Leyden may congratulate themselves that they have not ventured "*e flammâ cibum petere*."

Vienna Wine-cellars.—No fair estimate of any people can be formed without coming in contact with what may be termed, "High Life below Stairs." Nor can any stranger be said to know the Austrian capital, who has not made a descent into its lower regions, the "*Wein-kellers*." Here he will find vast throngs of the middling and lower classes busily occupied in measuring the dimensions of their appetites over ham, sausages, salad, *et id genus omne*, to the tune of the native or Hungarian juice. Doth the reader incline to wing his flight to the "city of the Danube?"—let him not fail to pay his debt to the *Seitzer cellar*, where he will be ushered amidst the effulgence of lamps or torches into an armoury of tables and chairs, graced at times with the presence of four or five hundred guests, or into one of two spacious ball-rooms; or, if he make a party on the occasion, he may enjoy good fellowship in privacy, though in a saloon some twenty or forty feet below the earth's surface.

† We could not accept the apology, and therefore omitted the translation; but there was something about a phoenix and the flame—and the thread of life, and asbestos—and other customary common-places.

Incomes of the High Clergy in Spain.—The Spanish government having entered into an agreement with the Pope, and his holiness, in exchange for some earthly gifts, having empowered the former to grant pensions to ecclesiastics and ecclesiastical establishments from the revenues of bishoprics, according to a per centage rate, the prelates were required to deliver in an account of those revenues. There can be no doubt that these very reverends were not scrupulously particular in those accounts, and, in fact, it has always been believed that about one half, certainly not more than two thirds, of their real incomes were acknowledged; but as we have no means of correcting their own reports, we must receive them as true.

According to this confession, the whole income of the Archbishops and Bishops amounts yearly to £520,000
That of Canons and Minor Canons, to 369,845
889,845

In order to set Mr. O'Connell right, who some years ago, in the Catholic Association, talked a great deal of nonsense upon this subject, as he often does when he speaks about Spain, we shall favour him with the returns of six Archbishops and six Bishops, and this, be it observed, is their own acknowledged incomes—

Archbishops.	Bishops.
Toledo £110,000	Osma £11,500
Seville 40,000	Tortosa 6000
Santiago 32,000	Placencia 8000
Valencia 26,000	Astorga 4000
Saragoza 13,000	Lerida 3800
Granada 11,500	Coria 5000

We have, for facility in calculation, presumed the pound sterling to be equivalent to 100 rials, but, in truth, 92 and a fraction is its exact value; so that the Archbishop of Toledo's income, instead of being 110,000*l.*, is, 119,576*l.*, and so of the others; and Englishmen must remember that these incomes are enjoyed in a country where the salary of a Minister of State is 1200*l.* per annum, and 800*l.* that of a member of the Council of State; and where many persons living in the provinces (as these prelates do), keep carriages and establishments on 6 and 700*l.* per annum.

A Costly Violin.—Count von Trautmannsdorf, master of the horse in Bohemia to the Emperor Charles VI., purchased a violin made by Jacob Stainer on the following conditions:—to put down 35*l.*; to give him annually a gold-laced coat, and daily a good dinner with a quart of wine; besides two casks of beer per annum for common use; to provide him with lodging, fuel, and light; to pay him eighteen shillings a month; and in case he should take a wife unto himself, to give him twelve bushels of fruit every year; besides six bushels of fruit for his old nurse so long as she should live, and as many hares as he might call for. The seller lived sixteen years after the purchase, and the violin cost the purchaser, in consequence, a sum of no less than 898*l.* 1*s.* 2*d.* The instrument is now in the possession of M. Fraenzel, maître de concert, at Manheim.

First Coffee-house in Europe.—The first of these societies for the diffusion of humour and joviality, which ever graced the soil of Christendom, was established at Vienna in the year 1683, when the Emperor Leopold gave a licence for that purpose to Koltschitzky, a Pole, as a recompense for the services he had rendered in the Turkish campaign.

"An attorney, at Hesse Darmstadt, was accused, not long since, of peculation in, I believe, twenty-two cases; nevertheless, he had reason to believe that the whole court, except the president, were favourable to him. He

therefore subpoenaed this grandee as his witness, and when about to be interrogated in court, refused to answer the questions put to him by the president, who he insisted on being a material witness in his case, and therefore could not sit as his judge. In vain the dignitary protested his personal ignorance of the defendant's affairs, and assured the court that his having summoned him was nothing but a trick for the purpose of removing him from his seat: the court retired to deliberate, excluding the president, as a party concerned, from its deliberation, and, after a week's disputing, came to the decision, that the president could not preside at this trial, and the attorney was acquitted."—*From a Correspondent.*

The Queen has been pleased to appoint Mr. Charles Egan, harpist to her Majesty.

It is stated that M. Horace Vernet, the celebrated painter, has requested permission to resign the direction of the French School of Fine Arts at Rome, and to be authorized to return to France.

The Albion, a new daily evening ministerial paper, will shortly appear.

Athenæum Advertisement.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

LITERATURE.

Forthcoming.—The Second Volume of Moore's Byron is quite finished, and will positively appear this month. A whole-length portrait of Byron, at the age of 19, never before engraved, will be prefixed, executed in William Finden's best style.

The Adventures of Finati, the Guide of Mr. William Banks, in the course of his Eastern Journeys and Discoveries, have been arranged for publication by that gentleman. Finati served under the banner of the Pasha of Egypt, in the hazardous, though successful, campaign against the Wahabie, for the recovery of Mecca.

Since the publication of Anastasius, Mr. Hope has not appeared before the public as an author. A new work, however, from his pen, is nearly printed, "On the Origin and Prospects of Man."

The Biography of Lord Rodney is nearly ready. The Admiral's son-in-law, General Mundy, has prepared it from family papers, correspondence, &c.

Popular Specimens of the Greek Dramatists are advertised—an attempt to make English readers acquainted with the beauties of the Grecian Drama, by selecting only the most striking passages from the best translations, connected together by short descriptions in prose, so as to give the plot and story entire. An attractive feature in the first volume (Æschylus) will be a series of Engravings from the designs of Flaxman.

A new Journal, devoted to Science and Natural History, has just been started, conducted by Faraday, Brande, Burnett, Daniell, Ure, and others.

Four Volumes of Mr. Croker's edition of Boswell are printed. The whole work, containing much additional matter, and the Journey to the Hebrides, will not exceed five volumes, it may therefore soon be expected. Sir Walter Scott and Lord Stowell are said to have contributed much information to the Editor, which will be embodied in the Notes.

The Rev. Mr. Evans has a volume in the press on the formation and character of a Christian Family, entitled "The Rectory of Valehead."

The Arrow and the Rose, with other Poems, by William Kennedy, author of "Fifteen Fancies," &c. will appear about the end of October.

Robert Dawson, Esq., late chief agent of the Australian Agricultural Company, has a volume in the press on Australia and Emigration.

Lays from the East: a collection of Poems, by Capt. Calder Campbell, of the Madras Army, will appear early in November.

Mr. Logan's work on the Celtic Manners of the Highlands, and Highlanders, and on the National Peculiarities of Scotland, is nearly ready for publication.

The Proprietors of "Friendship's Offering" are preparing a "Comic Offering," illustrated by comic designs, under the superintendence of Miss L. H. Sheridan, and intended for the ladies.

Mrs. J. S. Prowse has a volume of Miscellaneous Poems in the press, to be published early in October.

A Popular Treatise on the Nature and Cure of Consumption, by James Kennedy, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, will appear in November.

Rosamond, a Tragedy by Theodore Körner, translated from the German.

The Extraordinary Narrative (in verse) of Old Booty's Ghost,—the account of which, as it appeared on Stromboli, is to be found in the records at Westminster. The poem by W. T. Moncrieff—the designs by Mr. Robert Cruikshank.

Destiny: a Tale. By the Author of "Marriage" and "The Inheritance."

An entirely new edition of Drew on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Human Soul, carefully revised and enlarged by the Author.

The Sea-Kings in England: a Historical Romance of the Time of Alfred. By the Author of the "Fall of Nineveh," in 3 vols. will be ready in November.

A second edition of the Life of Mary Queen of Scots, by Henry Glanville Bell, is on the eve of publication. Mr. Bell is also preparing for the press a volume of Miscellaneous Poems, which will appear in November.

A new series of Tales of a Grandfather, being Stories taken from the History of France, by Sir Walter Scott, will appear in December. He is also preparing a Romance of the Lower Empire, to be called "Robert of Paris."

Fragments of Voyages and Travels, chiefly for the use of Young Persons, by Captain Basil Hall, R.N., F.R.S.

Early in November, dedicated by permission to the Duke of Devonshire, "The Comic Annual for 1831," by T. Hood, Esq.

The "Foreign Quarterly Review," No. XII. will be published in a few days.

In a few days "Dymchurch" a comic extravaganza, with six engravings from Cruikshank's designs.

The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge are about to issue a Quarterly, entitled the "Journal of Education."

Just subscribed.—Sweete's Hortus Britannicus, 21*s.*

Rouillon's Bibliothèque Portative des Dames, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Britton's English Cities, 4*to.* 7*l.* 4*s.*—The March of Intellect, 8*vo.* 1*s.*—Brighton, a Comic Sketch, 1*s.*—The Devil's Visit, by R. Cruikshank, 1*s.*—Family Classical Library, Vol. X., Pindar and Anacreon, 4*s.* 6*d.*—The

Borderers, 2*nd* edit. by the author of "Red Rover," 3 vols. 8*vo.* 21*s.*—The Heiress of Bruges, a Tale of the year 1600, by Thomas Collyer Grassan, 4 vols. post 8*vo.*

4*s.*—The Complete Works of Bishop Sherlock, with Life, Notes, Summaries, &c. by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D., 5 vols. royal 12*mo.* 1*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, X*l.* Maritime Discovery, Vol. 2, 6*s.*—Godwin on Slavery, 8*vo.* 5*s.*—Taylor's Prayers, 12*mo.* 3*s.*—Hubbard's Discourses, 12*mo.* 5*s.*—National Library, Vol. II., The History of the Bible, by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A., &c. Vol. 1, 5*s.*—The Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. 1, 5*s.*—Cellier on the Old Testament, 8*vo.* 8*s.*

FINE ARTS.

Part II. of Captain Elliot's Views in the East, comprising India, Canton, and the Shores of the Red Sea.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Days of the Week.	Thermom. W. & Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 23	68	45	29.10	W.	Rain.
Fr. 24	62½	41	29.00	W.	Ditto.
Sat. 25	64½	41	30.10	S.W. to W.	Rain p.m.
Sun. 26	63	43½	30.00	S.W.	Cloudy.
Mon. 27	63	43½	30.20	S.W.	Ditto.
Tues. 28	65	43½	30.16	S.W.	Ditto.
Wed. 29	60	41	29.06	N. W.	Rain a.m.

Prevalent Clouds.—Cirrostratus, Cumulostratus, Cumulus, Cynoid, and Cirrostratus, early.

Nights and Mornings for the greater part fair.

Mean temperature of the week, 54.5°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Sun entered Libra on Friday, at 1*h.* 51*m.* p.m. Day and night equal.

Venus in Perihelion on Saturday.

The Moon and Jupiter in conjunction on Sunday.

Jupiter's geocentric long. on Wed. 8° 53' in Capricorn.

Mars — — — 23° 44' in Pisces.

Sun's — — — 4° 40' in Libra.

Length of day on Wed. 11*h.* 46*m.*; decreased, 4*h.* 48*m.*

Sun's hourly motion 2' 37". Logarithmic number of distance .000459.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to defer our further extracts from the highly interesting volume on Spain until next week, that we may clear our table of many English works.

We thank our correspondent from Oxford Street, but can hardly believe that so unworthy spirit could influence any man—however, we shall speak truth at all hazards; we know we sacrifice the temporary, we believe not the permanent interest of the paper by so doing. We shall inform ourselves on the subject.

A. J. Thanks! it adds an ounce of salt to a brine already strong—the rod has been long soaking—if we do not see amendment we shall use it.

J. R. We repeat, the verses will not do. We admit, the poetry of a periodical is not always super-excellence, but he must not measure his merit by the worst he can find, even in the Athenæum.

To C. H. B. S. we are obliged, but the notices are out of date—upon the first publication they would have been valuable. How far he may serve us on the other subjects referred to, we cannot say without seeing the manuscript. He seems well informed, and might correct many misstatements on the subject.

We are obliged to W. C.

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